

The Corsair.

A Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion and Novelty.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1839.

N^o. 4.

OFFICE IN ASTOR HOUSE, NO. 8 BARCLAY STREET.....EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS AND T. O. PORTER.....TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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CHARADES.

I.
There *was* a time young Roland thought
His huntsman's call was worth a dozen
Of those sweet notes his ear had caught,
In boyhood, from his blue-eyed cousin:
How is it *now*, that by "MY FIRST"
Silent he sits, nor cares to follow
His deep-mouthed stag-hound's matin burst,
His clear-toned huntsman's joyous hollo!
How is it now, when Isabel
Breathes one low note of those sweet numbers,
That every thought of hill and dell,
And all—save that sweet minstrel—slumbers!
Why does he feel that long, dull pain
Within "MY SECOND"—when she leaves him?—
When shall his falcon fly again?—
When shall he break the spell that grieves him?
And Isabel—how is it too
That sadness o'er that young brow closes?
How hath her eye lost half its blue?
How have her cheeks lost all their roses?
Still on her lute sweet numbers dwell,
Still magic seems the breath that sways it;
But, oh! how changed the tone and spell,
If Roland be not there to praise it.
One summer's eve, while Isabel
Sang till the starlight came to greet her,
A tear from Roland's eyelid fell,
And war'd the string and spoil'd the metre:
She could not sing another note,
Wherefore, or why, I've not a notion;
And *he*—the swelling in his throat
Seem'd working from some poisonous potion.
I know not—I—how sigh or tear
Cause these hysterical effusions;
But from that eve—one little year,
Witnessed, you'll say, such strange conclusions!
Beside "MY ALL" I saw them sit;
And that same lute of song so tender,
A little child was thumping it
With all his might—against the fender!
And Isabel—she sang no more,
But ever that small urchin followed;
Who, with the lute upon the floor,
Like a young dryad, whooped and halloed!
And Roland's hound is heard again,
And Roland's hawk hath loosened jesses;
But Roland's smile is brightest, when
Beside "MY ALL" his boy his presses.

II.

Sir Harry is famed for his amiable way
Of talking a deal, when he's nothing to say:
Sir Harry will sit by our Rosalie's side,
And whisper from morn until eventide;
Yet if you would ask of that maiden fair,
What Sir Harry said, while he linger'd there,
Were the maiden as clever as L. E. L.,
Not a word that he said could the maiden tell!
Sir Harry has ears, and Sir Harry has eyes,
And Sir Harry has teeth of the usual size;
His nose is a nose of the ev'ry-day sort,
Not exceedingly long—nor excessively short;
And his breath, tho' resembling in nought the "sweet south,"
Is inhaled through his lips, and exhaled from his mouth:
And yet, from the hour that Sir Harry was nursed,
People said that his head was no more than "MY FIRST!"
Sir Harry has ringlets he curls every day,
And a fortune he spends in pomatums, they say.

He is just such a youth as our Rosalie bides with,
When she hasn't got *me* to take waltzes or rides with;
But not such a one as, I ween, she would choose,
Were a youth that I know to be caught in the noose;
For I've oft heard her say—tho' so flighty she's reckon'd,
That she'd ne'er take a bridegroom who hadn't "MY SECOND!"

Sir Harry sat out, the last visit he paid,
From when breakfast was over, till dinner was laid;
He talked in his usual lady-like way,
Of the ball and the ballet—the park and the play.
Little Rosa, who hoped, ere the *whole* day had pass'd,
That the youth would speak out, to the purpose, at last,
When ev'ning at length was beginning to fall,
Declared that Sir Harry was nought but—"MY ALL!"

THE MANAGER'S PIG.

"Some people are not to be persuaded to taste of any creature they have daily seen and been acquainted with whilst they were alive. * * * In this behaviour, one thinks there appears something like a consciousness of guilt; it looks as if they endeavored to save themselves from the imputation of a crime (which they know sticks somewhere) by removing the cause of it as far as they can from themselves."—Mandeville.

ARISTIDES TINFOIL, it is our fixed belief, was intended by nature either for lawn sleeves or ermined robes: he was, we doubt it not, sent into this world an embryo bishop, or a lord-chief-justice *in posse*. Such, we are convinced, was the benignant purpose of nature; but the cruel despotism of worldly circumstance relentlessly crossed the fair design; and Tinfoil, with a heart of honey and a head of iron, was only a player—or, we should rather say, a master among players. Tinfoil might have preached charity-sermons till tears should have overflowed the pews; no matter, he acted the benevolent old man to the sobs and spasms of a crowded audience; he might, with singular efficacy, have passed sentence of death on coiners and sheep-stealers; circumstance, however, confined his mild reproofs to scene-shifters, bill-stickers, Cupide at one shilling per night, and white muslin Graces.

"Where is Mr. Moriturus?" asked Tinfoil, chagrined at the untoward absence of his retainer. "Where is he?"

"Ill, sir," was the melancholy answer; "very ill."

"Ill!" exclaimed Tinfoil in a tone of anger, quickly subsiding into mild remonstrance; "Ill!—why—why does't the good man die at once?"

A pretty, budding girl, had unhappily, listened to the silvery tongue of a rival manager. "Take her from the villain!" exclaimed Tinfoil, to the sorrowing parent; "bring her here, and then—then I'll tell you what I'll do."

"Dear, kind Mr. Tinfoil, what will you do?"

"I'll bring her out, sir—bring her out in—" and here the manager named a play in which the horrors of seduction are painted in bold colors for the indignant virtuous; "I'll bring her out in that, sir; and, more than that, sir, as a particular favor to you, and sympathizing as I must with the affliction you suffer, I—I myself will play the injured father, sir."

These, however, are but faint lines in the strongly marked character of Tinfoil, and merely showing them to awaken the attention of the reader to what we consider a most triumphant piece of casuistry on the part of our hero—to an incident which admits of so many hundred worldly illustrations—we shall proceed to the pig. The subject, we own, may appear unpromising from its extreme homeliness; yet, as the precious bezoar is sought for in deer and goats, so may a pearl of price be found even in a pig.

It is our fervent wish to be most exact in every point of this little history; yet cannot we remember the exact year in which Tinfoil, revolving in his managerial mind the very many experiments made under his government, on the curiosity and sensibilities of the public, in a golden moment determined upon the introduction of a pig, in a drama to be expressly written for the animal's capacities. In the slang of the craft, the pig was to be measured for his part.

We cannot take it upon ourselves to avow, that an accident of late occurrence to a brother actor, did not, at least remotely, influence the choice of Tinfoil. The mishap was this. A few miles from London—for the sake of unborn generations we conceal the name of the town—the dullard denizens had manifested an extraordinary apathy to the delights of the drama. In the despairing words of one of the sufferers, "nothing could move 'em." However, another of more sanguine temperament, resolved to make a last bold effort on their stubborn souls, and to such high end, set a pig at them. Mingling the blandishments of the lottery with the witcheries of the drama, he caused it to be printed in boldest type to the townspeople of —, that a shower of little bits of paper would take place between the play and farce, and amidst this shower, a prize would descend, conveying to the lucky possessor the entire property of a real China-bred porker! Inconceivable as to us it is, the scheme failed—the pig remained live-stock upon the hands of the projector, who, the next morning, walked to town; and recounting his adverse fortune to the calculating Tinfoil, supplicated any employment.

"And you still possess the pig? Humph!" mused Tinfoil; "perhaps we may come to some arrangement."

"In few words, the applicant was admitted among Tinfoil's troop; the pig, at a nominal price, passing into the hands of the manager."

The pig was no sooner a member of the company, than the household author was summoned by Tinfoil, who, introducing the man of letters to the porker, shortly intimated that "he must write a part for him."

"For a pig, sir!" exclaimed the author.

"Measure him," said Tinfoil, not condescending to notice the astonishment of the dramatist.

"But, my dear sir, it is impossible that—"

"Sir! impossible is a word which I cannot allow in my establishment. By this time, sir, you ought to know that my will, sir, is sufficient for all things, sir,—that, in a word, sir, there is a great deal of Napoleon about me, sir."

We must admit that the dramatist ought not to have forgotten this last interesting circumstance, Mr. Tinfoil himself very frequently recurring to it. Indeed, it was only an hour before, that he had censured the char-woman for having squandered a whole sack of sawdust on the hall, when half a sack was the proper quantity. "He, Mr. Tinfoil, had said half a sack; and the woman knew, or ought to know, there was a good deal of Napoleon about him!" To return to the pig.

"Measure him, sir," cried Mr. Tinfoil, the deepening tones growling through his teeth, and his finger pointing still more emphatically downwards to the pig.

"Why," observed the author, "if it could be measured, perhaps—"

"If it could! Sir," and Mr. Tinfoil, when at all excited, trolled the monosyllable with peculiar energy—"Sir, I would not give a straw for a dramatist who couldn't measure the cholera-morbus."

"Much may be done for an actor by measuring," remarked the dramatist, gradually falling into the opinion of his employer.

"Every thing sir! Good God! what might I not have been had I condescended to be measured! Human nature, sir,—the divine and glorious characteristic of our common being, sir,—that is the thing, sir,—by heavens! sir, when I think of that great creature, Shakspeare, sir, and think that he never measured actors—no, sir—"

"No, sir," acquiesced the dramatist.

"Notwithstanding, sir, we live in other times, sir, and you must write a part for the pig, sir."

"Very well, sir; if he must be measured, sir, he must," said the author.

"It's a melancholy thing to be obliged to succumb to the folly of the day," remarked Mr. Tinfoil; "and yet, sir, I could name certain people, sir, who, by heaven! sir, would not have a part to their backs, sir, if they had not been measured for it, sir. Let me see: it is now three o'clock—well, some time to-night, you'll let me have the piece for the pig, sir."

Now, whether the writer addressed was by his "so potent art" enabled to measure a pig—to write a perfect swinish drama in a few hours—or whether, knowing the Buonapartean self-will of the manager, the dramatist thought it wise to make no remonstrance, we cannot truly discover; certain it is, with no objection made, he took his leave.

"An extraordinary young man, sir—I have brought him out, sir,—a wonderful young man, sir," observed Mr. Tinfoil to a friend and neighbor, a dealer in marine stores. "Only wants working, sir—requires nothing but being kept at it, sir."

"Well, it must be a puzzling trade," remarked the dealer in miscellaneous articles.

"Puzzling, sir! By heavens! sir, my heart bleeds for men of letters, sir—they are great creatures, sir—wonderful natures, sir—we cannot think too highly of them, sir—cannot sufficiently reward them, sir! Now, sir, it is perfectly unknown my liberality towards that young man! But then, sir—it is my delight, sir, when I find real genius, sir—when I meet with a man of original mind, sir—by heavens! sir," again cried Mr. Tinfoil, resorting to the exclamation as an outlet for his overcharged feelings.

The pig was duly measured—the piece prepared—and, having been produced at an enormous expense, was sealed with the unqualified approbation of a discerning public.

The pig-drama had been represented about twenty nights, when the author of the piece in friendly converse with his patron manager, remarked "that the porker had been a most profitable venture."

"Why, sir," replied Mr. Tinfoil, "tolerably well; but the fact is, I am obliged to bolster him. He has had the advantage of three new after-pieces, and therefore can't complain that he has been let down. Still, the pig has done very well, and perhaps may run a fortnight more." Saying this, Tinfoil quaffed from a brimming glass of his chosen fluid.

"At all events," remarked the author, "the pig possesses an advantage, not to be found in any other of your actors."

"And what, sir," asked Mr. Tinfoil, "what may that be?"

"Why, after the pig has done his work, and the piece is put by, you may eat the pig."

The manager started from the inhuman man of letters with a look of mingled horror, disgust, and pity. When he had somewhat recovered from his amazement, he asked with evident loathing, "What did you say, sir?"

"I said," replied the insensible author, "that when the pig had played out his part, you might eat him."

Mr. Tinfoil, gently stirring his brandy-and-water, fixed an eye, like that of death-darting cockatrice upon the author, and after swallowing the liquor, and thereby somewhat regaining his self-possession, he addressed the thoughtless man of letters in words and tones that, as he since declared, can never cease to vibrate in his memory.

"Sir!" thus spoke Mr. Tinfoil. "I regret—much regret, sir, that any thing in my conduct could have induced you, sir, to think so uncharitably of my disposition, sir."

"I assure you, sir—"

"Hear me out, sir. What, sir! think me capable of feeding upon an animal that I have played with—a creature, whose sagacity has almost made it my humble friend—a pig that has eaten from my hand—that knows my voice—that I—I eat that pig—good heavens, sir!"

"I'm sure I didn't mean—"

"No, sir," cried Tinfoil, "not were I starving, sir—not were I famishing, sir, could I be brought to taste that pig."

Much more did Mr. Tinfoil deliver declaratory of his horror, at the bare idea of setting his teeth in the flesh of his quadruped actor; and the rebuked man of letters quitted the manager with an exalted notion of his sensibility.

The pig-drama continued to be played to the increasing satisfaction of the public; the audience, however, only being admitted to view the professional abilities of the animal, his suppers—from some extraordinary omission of Tinfoil—not being eaten before the curtain. Great, however, as was the success of the pig; at about the fortieth night, his prosperity began to wane,—he was withdrawn and passed into oblivion.

A few weeks had elapsed, and the author was summoned to the dwelling of his manager, to write a play for a stud of horses. Tinfoil was at dinner; whereto he courteously invited his household scribe.

"You oughtn't to refuse," said one of the diners; "for this," and the speaker pointed to some pickled pork in the dish—"this is an old friend of yours."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the dramatist, looking reproachfully at Tinfoil. "Why, not the pig?"

Tinfoil somewhat abashed, coughed and nodded.

"Why, you said that nothing on earth would tempt you to eat that pig."

"No more it could, sir," said the assured manager. "No, sir,—no more it could,—unless salted!"

Of how many applications is this casuistry of the manager susceptible!

"When, sir," cries the pensioned patriot, "I swore that no power in the universal world could make me accept a favor at the hand of such men,—I meant—"

"Unless salted!"

How often is it with men's principles, as with the manager's pig; things inviolable, immutable—unless salted!

THE FUGITIVE OF THE JURA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE, FOR THE CORSAIR.

BY PROFESSOR HINKSPILLER.

CHAP. XIII.—MRS. BELL'S HOUSE.

In the afternoon Stafford conducted his guests to the dwelling of Mrs. Bell, whither George had already gone. Their path, which lay between little grassy hills that were formed probably of rocks that had been severed from the mountain, and rolled down and become encrusted with soil, led towards a naked precipice of greyish yellow limestone, which was visible in the far distance. It was about a quarter of an hour's walk. The elder Stafford mentioned Claudine, the betrothed of his son, and spoke with pleasure of her housewifery, of her serene temper, and the strange capriciousness of her mother, Mrs. Bell. "Claudine would long ago have been George's wife and my daughter-in-law," said the old man, "were it not that thirty years ago the bridal of Mrs. Bell took place on the twelfth of October, which was also her birth-day, and likewise that of Claudine's; it was the day also of her husband's death, and heaven knows, what else has happened on that day. She imagines that Providence has linked all the important events of her life with this day, and firmly believes that it will be the day of her death. Women have always some holy superstitions, which are their secret religion, and to which they cling with greater tenacity than to the instructions of their ministers."

Stafford still continued his conversation, but Florian listened with less and less attention, the nearer they approached to the house of Mrs. Bell, which stood in spacious comfort near a fence surrounding a kitchen-garden. He felt as if in an Arcadia, where under the shingle-roofs of herds-men, goddesses deigned to dwell, and a glowing thrill rushed through his frame, as he passed through a neat kitchen and entered a low but elegant sitting-room.

Mrs. Bell received her visitors with attentive politeness. Although she was already nearly fifty years old, her fine features gave assurance, that in the bloom of her youth she had been not less beautiful than her lovely daughter Claudine, who hand in hand in bridal happiness, now stood with George near a small piano, and smilingly welcomed the stranger, Florian. Mrs. Bell with a clean cloth dusted some straw chairs, and begging her guests to be seated, immediately entered into a conversation with the stranger. She wore on her cap a black mourning riband, and around her neck a black crape handkerchief, in memory of her husband, who had died five years before. But the mild pensive melancholy of widowhood, through which like sunbeams through a shower, the natural gentleness of her disposition was reflected, spoke more than all outward badges.

The conversation had continued but a few minutes, when the door opened and Hermione in a simple morning-dress entered the room. A snow-white cap, whose richly embroidered lace fell like a mist over her brow and cheeks, did not prevent her auburn ringlets from escaping and playing around her neck and temples. When she beheld the stranger, who was no stranger to her, one might have fancied a beam of crimson twilight had fallen upon her through the window. Her embarrassment was evident to all, to Claudine most, but to Florian not at all.

The conversation soon turned to the important events of the day, and to the warlike disturbances of their neighborhood. Wallenstadt on the lake, between towering mountains, was, as report said, destroyed by fire; the Arch Duke Charles, with his Austrians, had invaded the heart of Switzerland; the Wallisers left their mountains to support the Prussians and Germans against the French. The Glarians, the abbot of St. Gall, the counsellors of Zurich, and Schaffhausen wished under the protection of the Austrian bayonets to renew the ancient bond-service of the people, while the Helvetic government in Bern, in which all confidence was lost, made a show of repenting in sack-cloth and ashes; for they precipitately lessened their emoluments of office, laid aside their extraordinary powers, suffered the militia, which they had called out to return home, and abolished capital punishment for political offences.

"Perfectly just," said Stafford, "for political and religious principles, and the actions resulting from them, cannot be judged by human laws, like murder, theft, or any other crime. And by what right can they incur state

punish that with death as a crime, which in another territory, at the distance of a musket-shot, is regarded as the highest virtue? Political parties in a country indeed array themselves as enemies against each other; but the vanquished should not be put to death, but treated as prisoners of war."

"Ah father," cried George, "the Swiss, or rather their rulers, are governed by timidity and cowardice. They would throw away the knife, which they have sharpened for others, in the fear that it might be used for their own destruction."

"Shame on us!" sighed Florian. "We Switzers are dumb instruments of mutual destruction in the hands of foreigners. If France and Austria will not re-establish the ancient independence of Switzerland, in consideration of their own advantages and perils, Europe will no longer possess a Switzerland. This shameful result has been produced by the dastardly conduct of our corrupt counsellors, and the pusillanimous cunning of the degenerated allies."

As Florian paused, the ladies observed the deep sorrow, which from the innermost recesses of his soul, was spread over his whole countenance.

"Man should never despond," said Claudine, "but consider and act. That is befitting gods and strong men. The tear and the sigh belong to us women, because our weakness is our only strength against gods and men. And you, sir, certainly belong to the strong, if not to the gods. Of that you have given Hermione and myself proofs at the chain, on the heights of St. Sulpice."

"It is still questionable, who was the strongest there," replied Florian.

"Bravo!" cried Claudine. "So we girls at last terrified you. No, no, that you cannot make us believe. None of us would have the courage to throw the gauntlet to one, who could extend such a chain."

"Yet you have already thrown it," answered Florian, drawing out the glove, which he had found in the church of Neuenburg. "But I restore it in all deference to the owner."

When Claudine recognised the lost glove of Hermione, she reached it to her friend with a burst of merriment, threw herself laughingly on her neck, and whispering a few words in her ear, laughed still more violently. Hermione endeavored to conceal her confusion by a forced smile. With a low voice she blushing thanked the finder, and added, "but how could you have known, that it belonged to Claudine or me. I supposed I had lost it in the streets of Neuenburg before entering the church."

Florian related his visit to the church. The incidents, and the turn which Florian gave to them in his relation, amused every one; Hermione alone remained silent, and from time to time, musingly fixed her eyes on the glove, hardly observing as the conversation became more animated.

Mrs. Bell had meanwhile ordered tea to be carried out upon the open green. Here the conversation like the view of nature was enlarged, and dwelt not upon the relations of the day, but of life. Even Hermione partook in it, and they who in the narrow room were distant and reserved towards each other, now drew nearer in confiding openness. Within the walls of our dwellings we pay greater deference to the customs of domestic and artificial life; in the boundless air, amid the silent majesty and solemnity of eternal nature, all ceremony becomes trifling, and formal etiquette almost ridiculous.

In the house Florian would hardly have reclined at the feet of Hermione, would hardly have offered her his hand and arm to assist her in walking; would hardly have addressed his conversation to her individually, but in the open air it was all done, as Stafford and George walked forward by Mrs. Bell and Claudine.

They did not separate until late in the evening, and Florian had forgotten that he dwelt a fugitive upon the heights of the Jura.

CHAP. XIV.—EXPLANATIONS.

The mode of life on the Fairy-steep was as peaceful and quiet, and not less delightful, than the mountain landscape. Father Stafford occupied the greater part of the day with domestic avocations, and the oversight of his agricultural affairs, or in writing commercial letters to France, Italy, and other countries. For he gave employment to many poor householders in the neighboring valleys of the principality, who manufactured laces for him and for Mrs. Bell. Every week George travelled through the valleys to arrange orders and work, or to pay the workmen. Florian, on the contrary, who had supplied himself with books at Neuenburg, spent much of his time among these, or in solution of mathematical problems, which he proposed to himself. He did not leave the Fairy-steep any more for fear of being betrayed to the police. The afternoons and evenings were commonly spent by both himself and the two Staffords' at Mrs. Bell's residence, or by the family of Mrs. Bell at Stafford's, where, regularly once a week, a concert of instrumental music, supported by their musical neighbors, was given. Florian played the flute, and not without applause.

The relations into which, by this daily intercourse with Hermione, he must necessarily be brought, were so delightful, and at the same time so strange, that even he himself could not understand his true feelings.

The inhabitants of the Fairy-steep were soon aware how Hermione and Florian stood towards each other. The elder Stafford reasoned: "He is an honorable man, let him pursue his own course; intermeddle not with his affairs. But Mrs. Bell was not inclined to remain silent and passive; for, acting in the place of a mother, she could not be indifferent to the future destiny of her niece. She wished to learn more of the fugitive. Claudine and George on their part were soon of the opinion, that Florian and Hermione would be united; and neither Claudine or George wished for anything more ardently, than to witness the happiness of their companion and friend.

As usual, every one else was more intimately acquainted with the affairs of the parties, than were the principal persons themselves.

"Ah, little simpleton, I am sure you love him!" said Claudine to Miss Delory. "Can you deny it? Ever since you saw him in the garden of Reichenau, and in the streets of Chur. Recollect how he appeared to you at the chain! Think of our morning dream, of the lost glove and your sensations when it was fulfilled!"

"God direct me!" said Hermione, with her hands folded and her eyes lifted towards heaven.

"You make me sad, Hermione. What evil has he done to you since yesterday?"

"He cannot do evil to me any longer. He has already destroyed me. Destiny has swept darkly over my being, and it has flowed into his, as a trembling dew-drop flows into an other."

"Now we understand each other! That signifies, that you can no longer live without him?"

"Believe me, Claudine, what you call love—what other people do from choice, from inclination or from calculation, is over Florian and myself an irresistible law of nature. All free agency is at an end. I must meet him! I must find him every where, when I am most anxious to shun him! I must be lost to him."

"Well, that is spoken reasonably, my little philosopher, if I have understanding enough to apprehend your syllogisms. You acknowledge that every girl is very willingly lost in the manner in which you and I are. One wins an interest of a hundred per cent. by this process. I love, thou lovest, he loves, we love, you love, all love."

"Claudine, you misunderstand me. I am, against my will, united to him through the influence of higher powers."

"Ah, poor thing! Then if it cannot be otherwise, the best way is to make a sweet face to a sour apple. Oh Hermione! Hermione! think of the twelfth of October. Oh, Hermione! if my marriage-day and yours!"

At these words Hermione pushed Claudine away from her, and, sinking her face upon her breast, cried: "Only that, Oh, do not say that again. I could sooner become the wife of any other. I cannot think of it without terror. No, break off! Let us never speak of it again!"

Claudine laughed aloud, and yet could not refrain from gazing at her friend with pity and astonishment.

George was almost equally astonished, when he conversed with Florian on the subject. The young Grisoner would not speak of his affection, or dare to believe that Hermione loved him.

"Between ourselves, Florian, I must say you are a strange fellow. I am sure you love her!"

"As I love every thing that is beautiful and good; as you yourself love, George!"

"Hem! I think Claudine would beg me to discriminate a little between the different kinds of love. I cannot conceive what you mean, happy fellow that you are!"

"Do not call me happy!"

"But I know from Claudine, that this ethereal Hermione has long known you. In the garden of Reichenau you had already won her heart; afterwards in the market-place, where, under Hermione's window, you dashed aside a loaded peasant-wagon, because the driver would not make room for a wagon full of wounded French to pass, you completed your conquest."

"How! was it under Hermione's windows?"

"See, Florian, she has forgotten nothing; not even the brown mole there, near the ear. Yes, Claudine knew you through her, long before you had seen each other at the chain. In her dream, Hermione herself saw you restore her lost glove. What would you have more? And if all this is not sufficient, the testimony of all eyes and ears must be so."

"Were it possible," said Florian, with an abstracted air; "which I never shall believe—should it be—if she felt for me a dawning attachment—then to-morrow I would flee from your country, that I might not cause sorrow to one so holy. I would flee, for through me she shall never be miserable!"

"Miserable!"

"How would it end?"

"As with Claudine and myself. You are independent; you are rich. Miss Delory has an independent estate. Her step-father is said to be a worthy man; therefore—"

"Ah, George!" cried Florian, "I ought not to say it, but I must: get thee behind me, Satan! I am an exile—a fugitive. My country still claims my blood. I cannot think of quiet and marriage, until the Grisons are freed from the yoke of foreigners. And who is pledge, that my patrimonial estate is not already confiscated, as they have confiscated the property of my relations in Veltlin! I will wait for the day of freedom and independence, ere I allow myself to think of home and happiness. There can be for the Switzer no domestic happiness, without the happiness of his country."

George gazed upon the feverish face of the Grisoner, encircled him with his arms, and cried: "You have the soul of a man, as you ought to have, Florian; but you love!"

"Yes, but it is a man should love—disinterestedly and magnanimously."

After this conversation, George never dared to allude to the subject with Florian. Claudine also took care not to question Hermione. They suffered "both the strange people," as they called them, to pursue their own way.

CHAP. XV.—EXPLANATIONS CONTINUED.

The explanations of Hermione and Florian were soon known to Stafford and to Mrs. Bell, and both were alike satisfied.

"Florian is a man!" said father Stafford to his son. "If he had come here as a fugitive, found a pretty girl, became enamored with her, and spoken of love and marriage, he would have acted the part of a fool or an adventurer."

Mrs. Bell came to the same conclusion; but the manifest unwillingness of Hermione to express any opinion of Florian, that was favorable to him, and the circumstance that the young lady treated him, as a common acquaintance—neither seeking nor avoiding his company, and even betraying a secret and haughty fear when in his presence, gave her the greatest confidence.

But the elder Stafford smiled at all this. His strong and vigorous understanding solved the riddle in a different manner from Mrs. Bell. "Dear neighbor," said he to her, "there is still some danger. I will trust Florian ten years; he is a man; but Hermione I will not trust ten minutes. She loves, and her maiden pride is arrayed against her inclinations. The little princess wishes to justify herself in her own eyes. She affirms: 'I do not love him, but I am as if thrown upon him through the inscrutable power of destiny. Her mind is in the clouds. And so it is with all you women. Every one of you is the founder of a new religion, a new philosophy, and a new poetry. The world around you is too common-place; you must fill it with miracles. Old Morne has communications with unseen spirits; Hermione floats always in divine interposition. You yourself, Mrs. Bell,

have your mysterious twelfth of October and other fatal days. My wife, peace be with her, came to no conclusion without first consulting her oracle, namely, a page of the Bible, which first presented itself to her eyes on opening the volume. Even the light-hearted Claudine can be made melancholy, when she has a dream of seeming importance."

Mrs. Bell, a little piqued at Stafford's incredulity, retorted: "Presentiment and feeling, my dear neighbor, often decide more correctly than the understanding, which credits only what the eye sees and the ear hears. I know shrewd and intelligent men, who believe old Mome a lunatic, and who yet stand baffled at her revelations from the invisible world, which triumph over the understanding of the most enlightened."

Mr. Stafford perceived that this was intended for him, and kindly pressing the hand of Mrs. Bell in both his: "No war, dear neighbor! I concede to you that this old Mome often knows more than ourselves; but I think she obtains her knowledge in a very natural manner; for she is always roaming about, sees a thousand things of which we know nothing. Without her will, and without being aware of it herself, circumstances are linked together in her old, experienced brain, which ought to go together; she decides happily, often boldly. Astonished at her own wisdom, which she cannot explain to herself, she concludes that it must be received from a higher power. She deceives no one so much as herself, and she does that in the most conscientious manner."

"You believe, then, friend Stafford," said Mrs. Bell, "that Mome snatched all her knowledge from the winds. And yet on the very same day, in the evening of which Mr. Florian arrived, she came to me about noon, and warned me to be watchful of Hermione. How did she know that he was in this country? How could she be apprehensive for Hermione's heart, who was that very day with Claudine in Neuenburg?"

"Her knowledge of Florian's being in this country," replied father Stafford, "she by no means snatched from the winds. For she had already met him upon the summit of the Gros-Taureau. Florian told me this himself. That he would come to the Fairy-steep, and perhaps to me, she might have conjectured, since she herself advised the fugitive to make the Fairy-steep his residence. That she gave you a hint to watch over Hermione's heart, I explain thus: Hermione had perhaps mentioned him to her or to Claudine, and described the man, who, among the Grisons, had made a slight impression upon her youthful heart. Old Mome recognized his person, undoubtedly, from the description, as soon as she saw him."

Mrs. Bell was not less astonished at the solution of the riddle, than she had been at the riddle itself. "Ah," cried she, with a saucy smile, drawing her hand out of Stafford's, "You men know how to put on the appearance of right. We poor women have nothing but hearts, you have all the understanding; but I am not very partial to cold, heartless understanding; it renders nature mere dead clock-work!"

"Not so, dear neighbor!" cried father Stafford: "let us make peace between understanding and heart. Men and women are dear and necessary to each other in the world, as the rich and the poor, because one has what the other has not. I concede to you that the heart is often in the right; but you must also concede to me, that the heart is also a little inclined to err!"

"To be sure!" answered Mrs. Bell; "only with this difference, that the errors of the heart cause more happiness than the most important truths of the understanding."

CHAP. XVI.—THE DREAM.

While the inhabitants of the Fairy-steep were making themselves busy with Florian's affairs of the heart, he was engaged with other matters. He drew up an account of his property, a part of which he had brought with him, and the rest he could obtain at any moment from one of the first mercantile houses in Basle. Of a return to the Grisons, he dared not think, although the French had been driven out from all the valleys. But he knew that the great resentment of his countrymen was to be feared. After having escaped the French, he felt no disposition to fall into the hands of the Austrians, to be sent to Tyrol. His estate, arable and grazing lands, remained secure at home. He had left them in the care of an honest man. Only one question now remained to be answered: "Where should he himself go?"

One fine afternoon in June, as he was straying alone towards a cave in the rock, his mind was so much absorbed by this question that he lost his way. He found himself among pine-shrubs and fragments of rock; before him stood a precipice of greyish yellow limestone, which until then he had seen only from a distance.

Here, in the neighborhood of the cave, upon a plat of short grass, overshadowed by projecting rocks, he laid himself down. The silence of the mountain solitude, through which from time to time the distant and monotonous tinkling of herds-bells was borne to his ear, lulled him to a dreamy slumber.

"A fugitive," sighed he to himself, "and yet without crime; beloved perhaps by an amiable girl, and yet without a hope of happiness!"

Thus, in dreamy meditations or in meditating dreams, he beheld mountains and plains, streams and lakes pass rapidly before his vision. The more firmly the soft hand of slumber sealed his eyes, the more lovely became the foreign landscapes, which glided before him. At last he saw the sea with its blue waves rolling along the ranges of hills, that skirted its friendly green shore. In the distance, as if painted on an azure ground, appeared the lofty towers of a city. He walked fearlessly towards it, when a well known voice called him. He looked up and beheld in the midst of a garden, a white, tastefully built country seat, surrounded by tall waving poplars. From a balcony which was encircled by a paling of gilded trellis-work, Hermione beckoned to him. He flew towards her with the ardor of first love. But she had already entered the garden, which appeared like a forest of lilies, and advancing towards him, she cried, "now I bind you fast!" She loosened a broad ribbon which encircled her waist, and playfully endeavored to throw it over him. But the ribbon instantly changed to a serpent, which, twining around them, drew them both firmly together, and seizing its tail between its teeth, formed a living ring. Hermione uttered a loud and piercing shriek, at which he was so much terrified that he started from his dream and awoke.

But although awake, he still beheld Hermione. He saw her turn away

from him and flee with rapid steps, but once more turning back to look at him. Perplexed, and uncertain whether it was a dream or reality, he sprang up and called out, "young lady, why do you flee?"

Almost buried in her straw hat, and resembling a shepherdess of old, the blushing beauty stopped. On her arm she carried a little basket of willow-work, and in her hand a long strong staff.

"Pardon me, sir!" she stammered, "I have disturbed your slumber."

"And I thank you, dear lady!" said he, "nothing could interrupt my delightful dream more agreeably."

"Have you really dreamed? Really?" cried Hermione, with a countenance in which curiosity was strongly painted, mingled with an earnestness which became almost terror.

Florian replying rather to the question on her countenance, than to her words, said, "is it not allowable to dream here?"

"Certainly! certainly; but do you know where you have been dreaming?" answered Hermione, pointing with her staff towards the cave.

"Why! do dragons and snakes make their nests there?"

"Nay! do not jest. Do you not know this cave? Have you never heard the rumor, which prevails in this country concerning it?"

"Not a word!"

"It is the entrance to the Fairy-temple. Here supernatural powers indeed govern, believe me, and he who slumbers here, receives a prophetic dream. Have you dreamed, indeed! actually dreamed?"

"Certainly, and I am very much obliged to the Fairies."

"Has one appeared to you?"

"To be sure, and I believe a more lovely fairy never appeared in the thousand and one nights of the Arabian tales."

"Suffer me to be a little inquisitive. In what figure?"

"In that which, so long as I live, will ever be to me the most beautiful, the most memorable, and alas, that I must say it, the most dangerous."

"I should like to become acquainted with the fairy you beheld in your dream, and the dream itself."

Florian's eyes fell in embarrassment. "I hardly dare tell you. But why do we inquire into dreams; reality is the most delightful dream."

"And do you refuse my request? Are you aware that this dream is intimately connected with your future destiny? Are you aware that it may be alike instructive, admonitory and prophetic?"

"You terrify me with you solemnity, young lady."

"Believe me, sleep has not without reason been called the brother of death. He is indeed a brother; he is half death. The body lies powerless, while the soul is active in another sphere, lives in another world and speaks with other signs and languages. Dreams are but the last rays of the twilight of the soul, that over the ocean of the infinite and illimitable, shed upon earthly objects a light, like the gleam of the setting sun upon the mountain tops."

Florian smiled. For the beautiful girl stood before him like a grey-beard philosopher, sublimely teaching, and commanding belief. He took her hand and kissed the delicate tip of one of her fingers, which appeared through the glove, as if he would ask forgiveness for his smile.

"Always jesting! always jesting!" said she, a little angrily, and yet with a half smile, "you will one day think of this moment, and then you will no longer jest. Ah! you will think of me."

"Indeed, indeed, I shall think of you; have already thought of you, even when half dead."

"How half dead?"

"Did you not tell me, that sleep was half death?"

"Nay! But for a moment remain serious. You are a little volatile; but now and in this place you should not be so. Relate your dream to me."

"Well! But let us find a cool shady seat. I cannot endure to see you suffering under the heat of the sun."

"Let us return to the place where you slumbered. There even in the heat of summer is always a cool breeze."

They returned, and Florian observed that Hermione was in fact right; for a gentle refreshing current of air passed over the place.

"You seem to know every thing."

Hermione pointing towards the sea, added, "thence, from the Fairy-temple, issues the invisible current."

"And does it bring upon its gentle undulations such delightful dreams?"

"Certainly, and important ones!"

"You are right, young lady. And if this place always bestows such delightful dreams, rely upon it, I shall make my bed here every day for the purpose of sleeping. But why do you believe that dreams are here more ominous, than elsewhere?"

"Shall I tell you that you may make a jest of me? You are a learned man; but nevertheless, like other men. You believe every thing, save that which is most credible. You believe in the effect, but not in the cause; you believe in the phenomenon, but not in the power which produces it. It is a power that exists in every blade of grass—a power that exists even in this stone and in yonder tree. Who can explain the supernatural world and the host of powers, that inhabit it. An endless chain of powers or spirits descends from the throne of God to us, and we are touched by this chain—yes, we are even bound to it. There are situations in which we stand in connection with higher, and perhaps lower orders of spirits, as with human spirits."

"My beautiful ghost-seer, will you not reveal your mysteries to me? I am persuaded I shall not behold a more lovely spirit than yours; but yet I might make the trial."

"And you have already made the trial. Has not the spirit of the Fairy-temple passed over you. Have you not beheld your future destiny? You have slumbered here, and the invisible breath of this cave has strayed over you and wrapt your soul in a prophetic vision. The entrancement of the Delphian priestess upon the oracular tripod, was nothing else than this mysterious power of nature, which disenthalls the soul. You have slept here; the power of nature, which in Greece was named Apollo, the God of eternal youth, and which here is called by the peasants, *Fairy*, has visited you. You have become your own oracle, your own Pythian priestess. Believe me or believe me not! but tell me your dream—I must know it—it is important to me!"

"And do you believe that it will be fulfilled?"

"Who can explain the signs which are the medium of communication in the invisible world? Tell me quickly."

Florian hesitated no longer. He related with what thoughts he had fallen asleep; then mentioned the mountains and countries, which had glided before him; then the sea and the undulating shores, and at last, the city, which he saw in the distance. He endeavored to describe the fading images which still lingered on his memory, spoke of the voice which called him from the villa. He was compelled to describe every thing as distinctly as he was able. Hermione's attention became more aroused. "No, no," cried she, with a wild and strangely solemn expression, "that is St. Imar—that is my paternal estate. The city is undoubtedly Antibes!"

He went on with his relation, and spoke of her appearance upon the balcony of gilded trelliswork. "No, no, it is not possible," cried she again; "my good mother caused it to be repaired the last year of her life."

Florian, perceiving that Hermione was almost beside herself, could not control his own emotions. "Dear lady," said he, "are you jesting with me?"

She shook her head solemnly and cried: "Oh I pray, I pray you, continue your relation. Do not alarm yourself on my account."

He then commenced the description of the garden, for she wished to know all the details. But when he mentioned the multitude of white lilies in the garden, through which Hermione had approached, she folded her hands, bowed her head with a silent affirming motion, and said: "I know it well; I sported among these lilies in my childhood; they were the favorites of my departed mother, and from them our St. Imar acquired the name of the lily-garden, and was thus called throughout the whole neighborhood."

"Strange that I should in my dreams become a soothsayer!" said Florian smiling, but wondering at the observations of Miss Delory; "I will wager imagination is playing a trick on both of us," continued he; "she is of all fairies the most mischievous; we both attach to the same words the most diverse images and objects."

"Continue your relation to the end," cried the young lady, with painful curiosity. He went on to an account of the riband, telling how it had become a serpent, and how he was awakened at the very moment when the serpent, uniting its head and tail, formed a living ring around them. Hermione turned aside, that her broad straw hat might conceal from him the paleness which, like the lilies of her mother's garden, for a moment blanched her cheek, and then gave place to a suffusion as bright as the freshest rose.

"Indeed," said Florian in a suppressed voice, which revealed all his love; "indeed, if any dream has a prophetic aspect, it is that which mine assumes at the end, when the belt with which you, dear Hermione, bound me, was transformed into an emblem of eternity. Here I could interpret, if I dared."

She stood musing, with her head drooping, and turned half aside, and carelessly drawing with her staff lines in the dust of the ground. How much would he have given, if at this moment he could have read what was passing in her mind.

Suddenly she raised her head, turned it towards him, and with a countenance of silent resignation, said to him: "Now we have a mutual secret, do not reveal your dream to any one. It was your wish to see the Fairy-temple—come, I will be your guide."

CHAP. XVII.—FAIRY-TEMPLE.

She proceeded in advance. When they arrived at the entrance of the cave, she drew from her willow-basket a small lantern and a box of chemical matches.

"It was your intention then to enter this enchanted cave!" cried Florian. "And did you come here for that purpose? And would you dare without company, to encounter the mysteries of the grotto?"

"It is no very heroic deed!" said Hermione, with a friendly smile; "especially since the young Stafford, to facilitate a passage for Claudine and myself, has laid a path of boards over the slippery rocks. We can now walk without danger, and on fine days I often visit with pleasure this temple, which nature herself has marvellously constructed in the bowels of the earth, magnificently arched, and adorning it. It will excite your wonder, and deservedly."

With these words she laid aside her straw hat, wound a shawl around her head, in the form of a turban; then, concealing her hat and his, together with her little basket, among the rocks and bushes near the entrance of the cave, she returned to kindle a wax light. Florian regarded her preparations in silence; in the scarlet turban, from beneath which several of her auburn ringlets strayed over her delicate temples and graceful neck, she already appeared like a priestess, or a goddess of the nether-world. The innocence and fearlessness of her deportment during her preparations for their fearful walk, gave her the appearance of standing in league with higher powers. A little flame soon burned in her hand, and lighting the candle in the lantern, she fastened it to the end of the staff she had brought with her.

"Now, then," said she with a graceful bow, pointing to a low opening in the rock, "have you courage. The entrance is difficult and narrow, but soon becomes wider."

"She spread a white cloth upon the ground in the opening, to protect his clothes in creeping through, and motioned him to precede her; he stood silently regarding her, then took her hand and pressed it to his lips: "Yes, were I Pluto, and could I offer you the eternal throne of the nether-world, you should be Proserpine!"

After advancing the lantern at the end of the staff into the interior of the cave, which was soon so much enlarged that he could stand upright, it was not long before the little head with the scarlet turban and auburn ringlets, appeared under the rocks, and looked up to him with a bewitching smile; his heart trembled at the spectacle. He knelt down and assisted the delicate and courageous girl from the gorge of the rock, through which the golden rays of daylight entered.

She took the staff for her support; he preceded with the lantern and she followed. On the right and left the rock was cleft into dark passages; all was as silent as death, save when, now and then, they heard the fall of a

drop of water. A gloomy arch, whose termination the glimmering of the lantern did not enable them to discover, hung over them, while here and there yellowish white crags, like spectral forms, protruded their motionless arms from the darkness. In the uncertain light of the back ground they saw fantastical forms, columns and ornaments of stalactites, which seemed to advance and retreat, to appear and to vanish, as the illumination, and clearly defined shadows, varied with every step, causing new forms to be created or destroyed.

The further they advanced into the cave, the more wonderful became the figures of the subterranean world around them. The way seemed to have no end. The passage was broad, sometimes contrasting itself with, and sometimes resembling, the hall of a cloister, adorned with white and glittering carpets, drapery and fretwork. Their footsteps were every where safe, for George had removed many obstructions out of the way for his young friends, and over the worst places had thrown boards.

When they had advanced some distance into the cave, Florian paused and looked back to the undaunted Hermione. She smiled kindly upon him, but without speaking a word. "Is it possible that you have ventured here without company? However wonderful and grand this giant-work of nature may be, it awakens in me a feeling of silent awe."

"This very awe I always feel," answered Hermione, "but I love it. The first time I attempted the passage, I confess a trembling seized me, although Claudine and George were with me. But since then I have become accustomed to the obscurity of the subterranean world. I am already very well acquainted with every figure. We shall soon have arrived at the end, and it will surprise you. It is said the whole passage is about two hundred yards long. Go on a few steps farther."

When they had gone a few paces, suddenly a golden ray of light streamed through the darkness of the back-ground. Here he stopped in amazement, again went on, when a splendor which dazzled his eyes, burst upon him.

"A Fairy land," cried he, full of enthusiasm! "Where am I! I see light like the light of the sun; I behold in the midst of a cave, mountains and floating clouds, immeasurable distances, valleys, woods and hills. Sublime spectacle!—Lady, now I believe in enchantments! Here reigns another fairy besides yourself!"

When he advanced to the end of the grotto, and gazed out into the vast expanse, Hermione was delighted at his enthusiasm. She stood opposite to him, leaning against a projection of the rock, which was covered with variously tinted mosses. A few solitary stalks of grass and hanging bushes were waving over her head, through which the warm breeze of day floated around her.

"Down in yonder quiet, green valley," said she, "you behold another world: it is the Val de Sainte Croix. All these diminutive, brown cottages, which silently repose among the hills of the landscape, belong to the village of the same name and to Vraconne. On the left, rises La Roche Blanche, with its rocks; and, on the right, towers L'Aiguille de Beaume. Yonder, on the misty horizon, stands the ancient castle of Granson, celebrated for the defeat of Charles the Bold. But the ridges, which are stretched immediately before us, interrupt the view of the charming Pays de Vaux, which is spread under our feet."

Hermione continued for a long time thus to point out the beauties of the landscape. When Florian gazed down into the deep, green valleys, to the lowly but peaceful habitations of man—to their herds on the steeps of the mountain—to the Alpine glaziers in the distance, and then turning again to the darkness of the cave, beheld Hermione in this strange and voiceless solitude, leaning at his side, amidst the waving grass, which appeared like trembling, green rays—he could have prostrated himself, and poured out his soul in fervent devotion.

Hermione's eyes rested upon him. She understood and appreciated the emotions of his breast, and was silent.

When at last, after a long self-abstraction, he again turned towards her, he was unconscious of the tears that were trembling in his eyes, and which rendered the smile with which he greeted the silent girl, only the more touching. He pressed both her hands with fervor to his breast, as if he would allay the violent pulsations of his heart. "Oh, Miss Delory," he cried, "you wished probably to surprise me; but you have introduced a heaven into my soul. I have stood in the presence of God. This Fairy-temple will ever be to me a holy remembrance."

She bent her eyes to the ground, as if meditating on his words. After a pause he continued: "How little is necessary for our happiness in life. I have decided on my future destiny. Through the moral corruption, ignorance and brutal stupidity of the people, and through the avarice, ambition and revenge of its rulers, my country has become miserable. God has visited it and aroused its degenerate people. At present they are divided in party contentions between Austria and France, both of which aim to destroy them. I can save nothing. I scorn to become the slave of either party, and were I to approach them as a mediator between them, they would both persecute me. I will go—I will seek some solitary retirement. My best thanks are due to you, lovely Hermione. You have restored me to myself. Your Fairy-temple has shed over me its magic powers, but you were the guiding and beneficent Fairy."

"Do not call me so," cried Hermione; "Nature, the inscrutable, the divine, is the great Fairy."

"I know it well, dear lady, your thoughts are more exalted than mine; you are more devout than I. I, frail creature, like the heathen, require a prop, a visible symbol, through which to worship the Deity. You shall be to me the representation of our holy nature."

"Oh, my dear friend, every blade of grass is the representation of nature, and every spot, where our knees can rest, is an altar."

"But I never have prayed with greater devotion and fervor, than here, in your presence, and have never felt myself nearer to heaven, than at your side. Ah, I ought not to confess it to you; you will take it, perhaps, as an unmeaning compliment."

"Why should I not give credence to your words, since they are the expression of my own thoughts. Life is an infinitely beautiful riddle. I often meditate on it, and wish to solve it, but cannot; for I cannot scrutinize the Deity; he himself is glory and life, and I am confounded in the endeavor to penetrate and to understand him."

"You speak as mysteriously as a Delphian priestess; yet I understand you; and now for the first time, my lovely priestess, your tones have explained to me what is said of the apostles, that they spoke with tongues. Yes, I should have understood you even without words; your voice, your expression, your eyes, which reflected your immortal soul,—all were speech."

Hermione threw a doubtful glance upon Florian, as if she feared he was speaking in derision. But his enthusiasm appeared so sincere, that after a short pause, she kindly replied: "I have long understood this passage of the apostles. Soul communicates with soul without words, even without sounds or external signs. Yes, there is a mysterious working, unfathomable to me, but which is, I believe, through the influence of an illimitable will, and faith in the consequences of that will."

"Oh, lady, if all-powerful will were alone necessary, my soul would already have revealed many things to you in this mysterious language; and yet, I cannot but think, you have not understood me. Teach me the art of speaking with tongues, and bestow upon me, at the same time, that wonderful power over your soul, which you have possessed over mine, since the first moment I beheld you; since that day, Hermione, when at the foot of the Kalanda, my soul, like the uniting waters of both Rhines, passed into yours."

He spoke with a faltering voice, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. When he again ventured to raise them, she stood blushing before him. But her seriousness and peculiar dignity were soon restored to her. "Let us return through the Fairy-temple," said she. "Come, I know not whether you wish to make yourself merry at my expense, or whether you speak seriously. At all events I should have felt obliged if you had not given this turn to my unpremeditated observations."

"Pardon me, lady," he replied, "I could in no other way manifest my heartfelt deference. I would have remained silent, had not this hour, and the wonders of this Fairy-temple, effected a great change in all my plans and resolutions."

"Would you indeed make me believe that you have been changed, through the influence of the mysterious powers of this place?"

"Through various influences; perhaps through the dream, through your appearance here, through the terrors of the subterranean world, through the sight of the lovely and peaceful valley here beneath our feet; perhaps through your standing before me in all your loveliness between the cold, gigantic crags, through—ah! who can comprehend every thing which speaks to our soul, and influences the will of our spirit? Enough. My resolution is fixed to dwell alone in some remote seclusion. When I opened my heart to you, I could no longer conceal the secret of my breast."

He paused. The little flame already burned in her hand; the candle in the lantern was lighted. She reached it to him with a sad but friendly eye. He took her hand, and it trembled in his own. Both entered silently into the obscurity of the subterranean passage.

SERGEANT TALFOURD'S SPEECH,

ON MOVING THE SECOND READING OF THE BILL FOR EXTENDING THE TERM OF COPYRIGHT IN ENGLAND, FEBRUARY 27TH, 1839.

[The subject matter of the subjoined extracts, from the reported speech of the distinguished author of *Ion*, is so nearly allied to the "great cause" which we would advocate, and the arguments are so truly eloquent and unanswerable, that we transfer them to our columns in the conviction that our gentle readers cannot peruse them with less delight and satisfaction than they have afforded ourselves.—*Editors of the Corsair.*]

Mr. Sergeant TALFOURD rose to move the second reading of the Copyright Bill. The Hon. and learned gentleman said—After the attention which in past sessions has been rendered by this House to the interests of literature, as affected by the law of copyright, an attention gratefully acknowledged in the petition which I have just presented, I shall best discharge my duty by reminding you, without preface, of the question which we once more are called on to decide, and by stating the position in which it stands, and the materials which we have to assist us in answering it. That question is, whether the present limitation of copyright is just? And I will sum up my reasons for contending for the negative in language adopted by some of the distinguished persons whose petitions are before you. They allege, "That the term during which the law secures to authors the profits arising from the productions of their own industry and genius is insufficient to provide for the fair reward of works written to endure; that the extension of the term proposed by this Bill would encourage such compositions; that it would enable individuals to devote their powers to the lasting benefit and delight of mankind, without the apprehension that in so doing they shall impoverish their own descendants; and that, while it would tend to the profit only of the greatest and the best of those engaged in literature, it would confer dignity and honor on the pursuits of all." (Hear, hear.) Those propositions to which I seek your assent are now for the first time embodied by some of our most distinguished authors on the ground of their own prayer, and will probably be expressed by many others whose feelings I know, if you permit this Bill to proceed. When I first solicited for those arguments the notice of this House I thought they rested on principles so general—that the interests of those who labor to instruct and illustrate the age in which they live are so inseparably blended with all that affects its morality and its happiness—that the due reward of the greatest of its authors is so identified with the impulses they quicken—with the traits of character they mirror—with the deeds of generosity, of courage, and of virtue which they celebrate—and with the multitudes whom they delight and refine—that I felt it was not for them alone that I asked the shelter of the law, and I did not wish to see them soliciting it as a personal boon. (Hear, hear.) The appeal, though thus unsupported, was not unfelt, and the Bill proceeded without a hint of opposition until the demise of the Crown closed the session and stopped its progress. In the interval which thus occurred a number of eminent publishers saw reason to apprehend that certain clauses in the Bill, by which it was proposed to give to authors who had assigned their copyrights under the subsisting

law a reverting interest after the expiration of its term, would injuriously affect their vested rights, and they naturally prepared to oppose it. They were accompanied or followed in this opposition by various persons connected with the mechanical appliances of literature—by master printers, compositors, pressmen, typefounders, papermakers, and bookbinders—smitten with the strange fear that to extend the term of copyright (though they all agree that the extension would operate only in one case in five hundred) would destroy their trade; and their petitions were plentifully showered on the table of the House. (Hear, hear.) Having carefully perused the petitions against us I am surprised to find how utterly destitute they are of information really bearing on the case, with an exception which does not now apply to the Bill; for I may dismiss the complaints of the eminent members of the publishing trade, and of all who sympathised in their fears.

There remain those of the printers and their allies—persons whose interests deserve the careful regard of the Legislature, but whose opinions have no authority beyond the reasonings they adduce to support them. They are not like persons engaged in some occupation on which there is an immediate pressure, which they who feel most keenly can most vividly explain; nor like persons apprehending some damage decidedly affecting their profits, under circumstances peculiarly within their experience; they are mere speculators, like ourselves, on the probabilities of the distant future. All their apprehensions centre in one, that if the term of copyright be extended, fewer books will be printed, fewer hands will be required, fewer presses set up, fewer types cast, fewer reams of paper needed, and (though I know not whether the panic has penetrated to the iron mine, or ascended to the rag-loft) that a paralysis will affect all those departments of trade. Now, if there were any real ground for these busy fears, they would not want facts to support them. (Hear, hear.) In the year 1814, when the term of copyright was extended from 14 to 28 years, the same class expressed similar alarms. The projected change was far more likely to be prejudicial to them than the present, as the number of books on which it operated was much larger; and yet there is no suggestion in their petitions that a single press remained unemployed, or a papermill stood still; and, indeed, it is a matter of notoriety that since then publications have greatly multiplied, and that books have been reduced in price with the increase of readers. (Hear, hear.) The general arguments of these petitions are those which the opponent of the measure urge, all resolving themselves into the assumptions, that if copyright be extended books will be dearer, that cheap books are necessarily a benefit to the public, and that the public interest should prevail over the claims of those who create the materials of its instruction; but there is one petition which illustrates so curiously the knowledge which these petitioners possess on the subject of their fears, and the modesty with which they urge them. But I must trespass on the patience of the House while I offer a specimen of its allegations. It is entitled a petition presented by the honorable member for Kilkenny, agreed on at a public meeting at the Mechanics' Institute, Southampton-buildings, by "compositors, pressmen, and others engaged in the printing profession." After a sweeping assumption of the whole question between authors and readers, these petitions thus designate the application made to the House on behalf of literature:—"The books to which it is assumed the present law does not afford sufficient protection are those of a trashy and meretricious character, whose present popularity deludes their writers with a vain hope of an immortal reputation." Now, the works which were named, by way of example, when this Bill was introduced, were those of Coleridge, of Wordsworth, and of Sir Walter Scott—(Hear)—and if these are intended by the petitioners, I fear they have made no good use of cheap books, or the books they have read are dear at any price. (Cheers.) If the object of the Bill is the protection of "trashy and meretricious" works, it may be absurd, but it must be harmless, for as to such works it must be a dead letter. The printers, who fear that one set of "trashy and meretricious" works should endure after the lapse of twenty-eight years, and should thus deprive them of the opportunity of printing a brilliant succession of such works to which they do not refuse the aid of types, are like the alarm of some nervous remainderman, who should take fright at the creation of a term of 999 years by a tenant for life, overlooking in his fears the necessary condition "if he should so long live;" for as surely as natural death will await the decay of the human frame, shall oblivion cover the "trashy and meretricious" book, and leave room for successor after successor to employ compositors, to sparkle and expire. (Hear.) But, the petitioners proceed, "even supposing their success would be permanent, the present high profits derived by their authors are an ample return for the time employed in their composition." So these gentlemen, forgetting that the chief ground of their Bill is that the works on behalf of which its extension is sought often begin to repay their authors only when the copyright is about to expire, think themselves competent to estimate the anxieties, the heartaches, the feverish hopes, the bitter disappointments, the frequent failures, the cheerless toils with which an author's time is filled, and which disturb them little when they are arranging his words. (Hear, hear.) They proceed, "while it is proved that books of deep research and intrinsic value would not be rendered more valuable by an extension of the law of copyright, however extended that law might be."

How more valuable? Not merely more valuable to sell, perhaps, but more valuable to preserve—(Hear, hear)—else, if there is no gain to the author, where is the loss to the public? After a round assertion "that the Bill must be viewed as one injuriously affecting the booksellers, bookbinders, paper makers, type founders, and all branches connected with the printing business," they thus proceed to extol their own profession:—"That the profits derived from a book depend not on the art of writing, but on the art of printing—(Hear, and a laugh)—for that, without the facilities which improved mechanical improvements afford, the number of copies would be few and high priced, and the profits of the author lower; and, therefore, it is unjust that authors should endeavor to injure by exclusive laws a profession to which they are indebted for the rank they hold and the wealth they possess." ("Hear, hear," and laughter.) Surely the old critic Dennis, who, when he heard the thunder roll over the mimic scenes, used to claim it as his own, was moderate compared to these gentlemen of the Mechanics' Institute. Whatever may be the benefit which the art of

printing has conferred on genius—genius which had achieved imperishable triumphs long before its discovery—it is astounding to hear this claim made by those who are now engaged in a simple mechanical pursuit. (Hear, hear.) The manufacturer of bayonets or gunpowder might as well insist that he, and not the conqueror of Waterloo, was the recipient of national gratitude. Where would their profession be if no author had written? (Hear, hear.) There are some things more precious even than knowledge, and, strange as it may seem to the utilitarian philosopher, I venture to think gratitude one; and if it is so, I would ask those petitioners to consider how many presses have been employed and honored—how many families in their own class have been enriched by the unceasing labors of a single mind—that of Sir Walter Scott—(Hear, hear)—exhausted, fading, glimmering, perishing from this world in their service! (Cheers.)

As the concluding paragraph of this petition merely repeats an analogy of literary works to mechanical invention, which I have grappled with before, and if necessary am ready to expose again, I will pass from it and from the petitions against the Bill, which, I assert, do not present a single fact for the information of the House, to the petitions which disclose the grievances and the claims of authors. And first, to show by way of example how insufficient the present term is to remunerate authors who contemplate works of great labor and research, I will refer to the petition of Mr. Archibald Alison, sheriff of the county of Lanark. This gentleman, son of the venerable author of the celebrated "Essay on Taste," was brought up to the Scottish bar, and being gifted with excellent talents, and above all with that most valuable of talents, unwearied industry, enjoyed the fairest prospects of success. Having, however, conceived the design of writing the history of Europe during the French revolution, he resigned those hopes for the office of sheriff of Lanarkshire, which, limiting his income to a moderate sum, left him at leisure to pursue his scheme. On that work he has now been engaged for twenty-five years. To collect materials for its composition he has repeatedly visited the principal cities of Europe, and his actual expenditure in books and journeys to lay the foundations of his work has already exceeded 2000*l.*, and will be doubled if he should live to complete it. Seven volumes have successively appeared, the copyright is unassigned, and as the work is making a regular progress, fourteen years must elapse before the pecuniary outlay will be repaid. (Hear, hear.) At the expiration of twenty-eight years, supposing the work to succeed on an average calculated on its present sale, its author will only obtain half what he might have acquired by the devotion of the same time to ephemeral productions; so that, unless his life should be prolonged beyond the ordinary lot of man, its labors to his family will be almost in vain, unless you considerably extend the term; and then, in return for his sacrifices, he will leave them a substantial inheritance. (Hear, hear.) Now, I ask, is there no property in this petitioner worthy of protection? "No," said, and will say, some of the opponents of this Bill, "none." We think that from the moment an author puts his thoughts on paper and delivers them to the world, his property therein wholly ceases." What! has he invested no capital!—embarked no fortune! If human life is nothing in your commercial tables—if the sacrifice of profession, of health, of gain is nothing, surely the mere outlay of him who has perilled his fortune to instruct mankind, may claim some regard! (Hear, hear.) Or is the interest itself so refined—so ethereal—that you cannot regard it as property, because it is not palpable to sense or to feeling? Is there any justice in this? (Hear, hear.) If so, why do you protect moral character as a man's most precious possession, and compensate the party who suffers in that character unjustly by damages? Has this possession any existence half so palpable as the author's right in the printed creation of his brain? I have always thought it one of the proudest triumphs of human law that it is able to recognize and to guard this breath and finer spirit of moral action—that it can lend its aid in sheltering that invisible property which exists solely in the action and affection of others; and, if it may do this, why may it not protect him in his right—those words which, as was well observed by a great thinker, are, "after all, the only things which last for ever;" (Cheers.)

From this example of a work of labor and pecuniary outlay, I turn to that of a poet, whose name has often been mentioned in the discussion of this measure, who has supported it by his published opinion, but who has now, for the first time, enforced it by petition. Mr. Wordsworth states that he is on the point of attaining his seventieth year, that forty-six years ago he published his first work, and that he has continued to publish original works at various intervals down to 1835. The copyright in a considerable part of those works is now contingent on his life; in a few years the far larger portion will be held by the same tenure, and a most extensive and elaborate work, "The Excursion," will be in this condition, if he should be spared four years longer. (Hear, hear.) He represents that "having engaged and persevered in literary labors, less with the expectation of producing speedy effect than with a view to interest and benefit mankind, remotely though permanently, his works, though never out of demand, have made their way slowly into general circulation; and he states as a fact directly bearing on this question, that his works have within the last four years brought a larger emolument than in all his preceding life, which would now be bounded by his death, and the greater part of which, if he had died four years ago, would have been wholly lost to his family. (Hear, hear, hear.) How will this case be answered? I suppose as I have heard it, when less fully stated, answered before, that it proves that there is no necessity for the extension of copyright, because without its encouragement a poet thus gifted has been ready to devote his powers amidst neglect and scorn to the highest and the purest aims. (Hear, hear, hear.) I will not rely for my answer on reminding those who urge this ungenerous argument that there may not always be attendant on such rare endowments the means of offering such a sacrifice, either from independent resources or from simple taste. I reply at once, that the argument is at utter variance with the plainest rules of morality and justice. I should like to hear how it would be received on motion for a national grant to one who had fought his country's battles. (Hear.) I should like to hear the indignation and the scorn which would be expressed towards any one who should venture to suggest that the impulses which had led to heroic deeds were ones without reward; that the love of country and glory would always lead to similar actions; and that, therefore, out of regard to the public, we ought to withhold all

reward from the conqueror. And yet the case of the poet is the stronger; for we do not propose to reward him out of any fund but that which he himself creates; from any pockets but from those of one whom he individually blesses—and our reward cannot be misapplied when we take time for our arbitrator and posterity for our witness. (Cheers.)

It will not have escaped the attention of the House that many of the petitioners are professors in the Universities of Scotland; and from the laborious nature of their pursuits, their love of literature, fostered at a distance from the applause of the capital, and from the independence and the purity of their character, I venture to think that their experience and their judgments are entitled to peculiar weight. Among these professors, and among the petitioners for this Bill, is a Clergyman, unsurpassed in Christian eloquence, in reach of thought, in unwearied zeal, who has disregarded ease and intellectual delights prodigally to expend his energies on that which he regards as the sacred cause of the Church and religion of his country, and who depends on his copyrights in such of the labors of his mind as he has committed to the press to make amends for a professional income far below his great intellectual claims. In addressing me on the subject of this Bill, Dr. Chalmers says—(Hear)—"My professional income has always been so scanty that I should have been in great difficulties, had it not been for the profits of my authorship; and I am not aware of a more desirable compensation for the meagre emolument of the office I have held than that those profits should be secured and perpetuated in favor of my descendants." And who among us, not only of those who sympathize with his splendid exertions on behalf of the Church of Scotland, but of all who feel grateful for the efforts by which he has illustrated and defended our common faith, will not desire that wish to be fulfilled? (Cheers.) When I find these petitions signed by the most distinguished ornament of the Scottish church, Dr. Chalmers—and by one of the most eminent among the Dissenting divines, Dr. Wardlaw—(Hear, hear, hear)—I cannot help associating with them a case which came under my notice a few days ago, on an application to me to assist a great-grandson of Dr. Doddridge, in presenting a memorial to the bounty of the Crown. Here was the descendant of one of the idols of the religious world, whose works have circulated in hundreds of thousands of copies, in a state of unmerited privation and suffering, from which a trifle on each volume of his ancestor's works now adorning the libraries of the wealthy Dissenters would amply relieve him. (Hear, hear.)

On these contrasted cases the House has now to decide. But before I leave the question in its hands, it is fit I should advert for a moment to those opponents of the bill, who, disclaiming the publishers and printers, appear on behalf of what they call the public, and who insist that it is our duty to obtain for it the works of genius and labor at the lowest possible price. Now, passing over a possible doubt, which I dare scarcely hint in their presence, whether the diffusion of cheap copies of every work necessarily implies in an equal degree the diffusion of its beauties and the veneration of its injunctions, permit me to ask whether even for the public it is not desirable that works should be correct as well as cheap, and that it should have the benefit of the matured judgment of its instructors? Now, this can only be effected by permitting the family of the author to watch over his fame. An author who, in a life devoted to literature, has combined the gifts of the historian and poet—Mr. Southey—who has thought the statement of his case might have more effect than a petition, has permitted me to elucidate this view of the case by his example. He has lately published a complete edition of his poems, correcting the blemishes which during many years have presented themselves to his severe judgment: his copyrights in many of the original poems will expire with his life; in the corrected edition his family will enjoy an interest, but in the original poems none; and it will be in the power of Mr. Tegg, or of any other of those worthy benefactors of the public—(Hear)—who keep dutiful watch over the death-bed of copyrights, to republish any of those poems with all their repeated errors, and the addition of those gross blunders which are always introduced when a reprint undergoes no revision but that of the printer. (Hear.) But is it even certain that the books thus carelessly printed will be actually cheaper in price than if the descendants of the author published them for their own advantage? It is not fair to judge of this by recent instances, produced in the first eagerness of the freebooters of the trade to seize on and parade their spoils. (Hear.) It should be recollected that a proprietor who uses only one machine for publication may, with profit to himself, supply the market more cheaply than numbers who have separate expenses, and look for separate gains. But if the argument be doubtful, the fact at least is clear, and I may call the Hon. Member for Finsbury as my witness to prove it; for he has shown in this House, to the offence of none, but to the amusement of all, and to the proof of my case, how cheaply books charged with an expensive copyright may be obtained of his friend, Mr. Tegg, who, he states, nevertheless, has a stock worth more than 170,000*l.*, which, if the principles of my opponents be fairly applied, is justly divisible among their favorite and much-injured public. But grant the whole assumption—grant that if copyright be extended the few books it will affect will be dearer to the public by the little the author will gain by each copy—grant that they will not be more correct or authentic than when issued wholesale from the press. But still, is there nothing good for the people but cheap knowledge? (Hear, hear.) Is it necessary to associate with their introduction to the works of the mighty dead, the selfish thought that they are sharing in the riot of the grave, instead of cherishing a sense of pride that, while they read, they are assisting to deprive the grave of some of its withering power over the interests of survivors! (Hear, hear, hear.) But if it were desirable, is it possible to separate a personal sympathy with an author from the young admiration of his works? We do not enter into his labors as some strange and dreamy world, raised by the touch of a forgotten enchanter; the affections are breathing around us, and the author, being dead, yet speaks in accents triumphant over death and time. (Cheers from all parts of the House.) As from the dead level of an utilitarian philosophy no mighty work of genius ever issues, so never can such a work be enjoyed except in happy forgetfulness of its doctrines, which always softens the harshest creed. But I believe that those who thus plead for the people are wholly unauthorized by their feelings; that the poor of these realms are richer in spirit than as their advocates under-

stand them; and that they would feel a pride in bestowing their contributions in the expression of respect to that great intellectual ancestry whose fame is as much theirs as it is the boast of the loftiest amongst us. (Renewed cheering.) I do not believe that the people of Scotland share in the exultation of the publishers who have successively sent among them cheap editions of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and the *Lady of the Lake*, that they can buy them at a lower price than if the great minstrel who produced them were still among the living. I cannot believe that they can so soon forget their obligations to one who has given to their beautiful country a place in the imagination of mankind which may well compensate for the loss of that political individuality they so long and so proudly enjoyed, as to count with satisfaction the pence they may save by that premature death which gave his copyrights to contesting publishers, and left his halls silent and cold. It is too late to do justice to Burns; but I cannot believe the peasant who should be inspired by him to walk "in glory and in joy following his plough upon the mountain side," or who, casting his proud look on Saturday evening around his circle of children, feels his pleasure heightened and reduplicated in the poet's mirror, would regret to think that the well thumbed volume which had made him conscious of such riches, had paid the charge of some sixpence towards the poet's children. (Hear, hear.)

There is only one other consideration I would suggest before I sit down, which relates not to any class, but to the community, and our duties towards them. It is thus expressed in Mr. Wordsworth's petition—"That this Bill has for its main object to relieve men of letters from the thralldom of being forced to court the living generation to aid them in rising above slavish taste and degraded prejudice, and to encourage them to rely on their own impulses." Surely this is an object worthy of the Legislature of a great people—(Hear, hear)—especially in an age where restless activity and increasing knowledge present temptations to the slight and the showy which do not exist in a ruder age. Let those who, "to beguile the time look like the time" have their fair scope—let cheap and innocent publications be multiplied as much as you please, still the character of the age demands something impressed with a nobler labor and directed to a higher aim. "The immortal mind craves objects that endure." (Cheers.) The printers need not fear. There will not be too many candidates for a "bright renown," which only falls in when the ear shall be deaf to human praise. I have been accused of asking you to legislate "on some sort of sentimental feeling." I deny the charge: the living truth is with us, the spectral phantoms of depopulated printing-houses and shops are with our opponents. If I were here beseeching indulgence for the frailties and excesses which sometimes attend fine talents—if I were appealing to your sympathy on behalf of crushed hopes and irregular aspirations, I might justly be thus charged; not for the wild, but for the sage; not for the perishing, but for the eternal; for him who, poet, philosopher or historian, girds himself for some toil lasting as life—lays aside all frivolous pursuits for one virtuous purpose—that when encouraged by the distant hope of that "All hail hereafter," which shall welcome him among the heirs of fame, he may not shudder to think of it as sounding with hollow mockery in the ears of those whom he loves, and waking sullen echoes by the side of a cheerless hearthstone. (Loud cheers.) For such I ask this boon, and through them for mankind; and I ask it in the confidence with the expression of which your veteran petitioner, Wordsworth closes his appeal to you, "that in this as in all other cases, justice is capable of working out its own expediency." (The Hon. and Learned Gentleman resumed his seat amidst renewed plaudits.)

Strangers were ordered to withdraw, and the House divided, when there appeared—

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A CRAYON SKETCH.

A LONDON SERVANT'S-HALL BEFORE BREAKFAST.

It was a very nasty, cold, foggy morning in December, when, just as the clock of Langham Church struck a quarter-past eight, Molly Mopsley, a housemaid in the family of Sir Mathew Moonshine, residing in Portland-place, ascended the kitchen stairs, fully equipped for the commencement of her daily duties. She had but two hands, yet in those, and under her arms, did she contrive to carry a mop, a pail full of water, a scrubbing-brush, a hearth-stone, a scuttle of coals, a bundle of wood, a lighted candle, and a pair of bellows. We do not cite this as a singular effort of genius: to the honor of the sisterhood of housemaids be it said, there is not one amongst them—provided she have been properly educated for her profession—who could not do as much.

The sound of Molly's footsteps disturbed the operations of a certain person, who, cautiously and without noise, had already displaced the bar and chain, and drawn the bolts which secured the street-door. He was about to turn the key (all that was now wanting for his escape) when, at Molly's appearance, his heart failed him and he hastily concealed himself behind the huge hall-chair. Who, or what he was, or what he did, or had been doing in the house, we know not; neither can we say whether he was young or old, handsome or ugly, for he was completely enveloped in a large cloak.

"Ah!" muttered he, as he rushed to his hiding-place, "what expedients am I driven to! Who would be a ———?" What, he muttered not.

It is a trite observation that few persons are satisfied with their condition. Molly Mopsley was no exception to this rule. Having discharged her cargo, she knelt down to light the hall fire, and thus soliloquized:

"Ah! who would be an 'ousemaid? The first to rise; and whilst others are comfortably warming themselves at the fires which she is obliged to light, there is she shivering on her knees at the street door, and scrubbing away till the plaguy steps are snow-white, and her poor dear nose is stone-blue. Ah! pail, pail! I never look at you but I think of the milkman; and the next time Mr. Skimmer pops the question, it shan't be long afore

I'm my own missis. Well," continued she, taking up the bellows, "it's o' no use to be lemons-choly." And, as she puffed, she sang:—

"Now as soon as she heard her true love was dead,
With a breaking heart she went to bed;
When, in the middle of the night, to her astonishment and wonder,
She heard two knocks more louder nor thunder."

As she uttered the last word, there was a heavy rat-tat at the door. "Lor-a-mercy on me!" exclaimed Molly, letting fall the bellows.

"Why—dear me, what a fool I am! it's only twopence, I dare say." Ere Molly had recovered from her alarm, the muffled-up stranger had turned the key, opened the door, and rushed into the street.

"Come, that looks queer!" exclaimed Stumper, the twopenny-postman, as he entered the hall.

"Why, lor, Mr. Stumper!" said Molly, "who let you in?"

"One who let himself out at the same time—a person muffled up in a large cloak."

"How very odd! I saw no one, and I vow I haven't moved from this place. Who could it be?" inquired Molly.

"Sir Matthew Moonshine, twopence," said Stumper, disregarding the question, and holding out a letter. "Come, be lively, and take the letter, Miss Molly, for I have no time to spare."

"Now, don't be in a hurry, there's a dear postman," said Molly; "I'm dying to know who the large cloak can be. Only wait till Mr. Lubberly, the hall-porter comes, and perhaps he can tell us. Besides, it isn't my business to take in the letters—'tis his'n."

Whether Mr. Stumper would have sacrificed his precious time by acquiescing in this nice division of labor—a system which prevails in most large establishments, to the praiseworthy encouragement of idleness—we cannot say; for, ere he could reply, the heavy tread of Mr. Lubberly was heard. The fat functionary made his appearance, yawning, and leisurely buttoning his waistcoat over his protuberant front.

"Now, Mr. Lubberly," said Stumper, "twopence, please—look sharp."

Whilst Lubberly was fumbling in his pockets, slowly drawing a halfpenny from one, and a halfpenny from the other, Molly told him of the mysterious circumstance of a person "folded up in a large cloak," (as she expressed it) having just made his escape out of the house.

"What!" exclaimed Lubberly, "Sir Matthew gone out so early? That's odd!"

"I don't think it was Sir Matthew," said Stumper. "The person, whoever he was, seemed to me to get out of the house as if he had been doing no good in it."

"And the cloak!" cried Molly; "I never saw master wear a cloak."

"Very mysterious!" exclaimed Lubberly; "it could not be master: for though he is at the head of the banking-house of Moonshine, Flimsy, Squander & Co., I never yet knew him to leave home for the city before ten, at any rate. And yet," continued he, "who else could it have been? you know all our fellow-servants, Mr. Stumper, and—"

"I tell you," said Stumper, "it was not Sir Matthew: besides, my notion is he was a much younger man."

"A young man!" cried Molly, adroitly changing the word: "that's it then. Well; I scorn to be censorious, so I'll answer for myself; and I'm sure I can answer for all the other maids; and I think I can answer for my lady and Miss Juliana; and there is no other female in the house but Mrs. Lacer, my lady's lady's-maid."

"Come, come, Miss Molly," said Lubberly, "no scurrilousness against Mrs. Lacer. Was Mrs. Lacer here at this time, and wouldn't see the cloak go out? though somebody else was, and might have seen it had she liked."

"I meant nothing against her," replied Molly; "it ain't in my nature to think ill of any body. But I must say, I didn't like the looks of another new silk gown last Sunday; for I'm sure it couldn't have cost less than six shillings a yard."

"Well," said Stumper, "it's a mysterious affair, but it's no business of mine. I must be off—public duty before every thing." But, looking at his watch, his notions of the sacredness of public duty underwent a sudden change; for he added, "There now! I have staid gossiping here till I am too late to get comfortably through my first delivery; so I'll get my breakfast, and my customers for these other letters may wait for them till the second."

"Ah! Mr. Stumper," said Lubberly, "you must have a pleasant life of it. Here I am obliged to sit in that arm-chair by the fire-side, from morning till night, whilst you have nothing to do but walk about the streets."

"Till I'm fairly worn off my legs. Pleasant walking, truly! twenty miles a day without ever seeing the bounds of my parish. If it were not for the little recreation I get, I should soon be a dead man."

"And what may that be?" inquired Lubberly.

"Why," replied Stumper, "in the fine evenings, when business is over, I take a turn once or twice round the great circle in the Regent's-park, just to refresh myself; and on Sundays I walk down to Windsor and back to see my intended."

Mr. Stumper was taking his leave, when Molly whispered to him—"Mr. Stumper, you are the very person to make out this business; for as you know every body in the neighborhood, and every body knows you—"

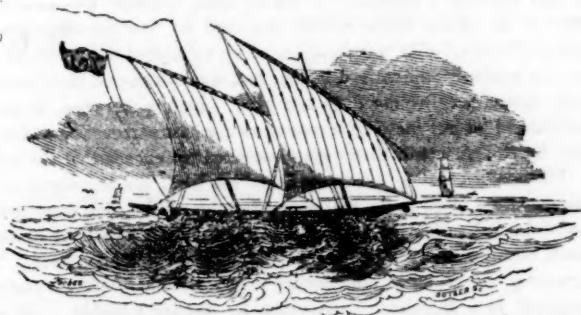
"That's no rule," replied Stumper; "though I fetch and carry secrets of great importance, I know no more about them than the man who works the telegraph does of his. Ah!" added he, with a sigh, "ah! who would be a twopenny-postman?"

"Well," said Lubberly, as he closed the door after Stumper, "it is an odd affair. I'm glad I'm not answerable for the plate."

"The plate is safe enough, I'll warrant it," said Molly; "but that beautiful new gown, the second in six weeks, never could have come out of a certain person's wages." The latter portion of this sentence was uttered in too low a tone to be heard by Lubberly, who was an admirer of Mrs. Lacer, partly on account of her personal charms, but chiefly because she was "so much of the lady."

"We'll make it out somehow," said Lubberly, throwing himself into his comfortable chair. And as Lubberly had now been awake for a full hour, he sunk into a gentle doze.

"For my part," said Molly, "my mind will be in such a state till we come to the rights of it, that I couldn't compose myself to scrub to the least advantage; so the door-step must do without me till to-morrow." And having settled this point entirely to her own comfort and satisfaction, she re-loaded herself with the implements of her profession, and redescended to the kitchen.



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1839.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Elegiac Stanzas of "Maria" are under consideration. "Sketches in Broadway," are not for us. A Lawyer's Diablerie would be more at home in some of the courts below. We accept the offer of "A Milanese," with pleasure. We have again to present our best thanks to the gentleman who has so kindly furnished us, a second time, with copies of "Le Corsaire," &c. Although we were mistaken in attributing the former courtesy to a native of "the Land of the Gaul," we are rejoiced to find that urbanity and politeness are equally indigenous to our own soil. Cylene's communication is received, and shall have deserved attention.

LETTER FROM UNDER A BRIDGE.

MY DEAR DR. —

As it is down hill from the bridge to my cottage, I may, by license, resume my last summer's date, though, instead of a stone seat by the side of the brook, I sit by a sunny window, in-doors, breathing the delicious air of a just extinct fire and a pyramid of flowering geraniums. Merrily and musically runs the bright brook, however, and if you would believe it and the birds, it is time to come out of doors and be looking for violets—but "take care of your rheumatism, my dear!" is a powerful reminder of the necessity of upholstery to romance. We must have cushions in Arcadia.

I received a recognisant welcome from my horses and chickens. They have

"Eat bread from my royal hand,"

and remember, as men will, by their stomachs. Never having fed the pigs and cows, I was not surprised that they manifested no pleasure at my return. The love of beasts, and of most men, is bought by your favors to them. The love of woman, and of some men, is bought by theirs to you. One would think there should be a line clear enough between humanity and brutehood. Yet they run into each other like day and night. Keep *we* clear of the twilight, dear Doctor.

If one had the blessed vision of Don Quixotte, he might sometimes, even in this land and day of hard realities, fancy himself of some importance to mankind. It is a plain matter enough to pay seven dollars and "take the stage" from New York to Owego; but suppose yourself the only passenger, and then look at it through the magnifying vision of the Knight of La Mancha. Half a score of carriages and some sixty or seventy horses to bring you from town to country! Yet, alas for the drawback—thorough-braces that will yield for nine, are as ungiuing and pitiless as bank-directors to your single individual. The man who rides alone in a stage-coach when the roads are "breaking up," has a clear conception, it seems to me, of the relation between trip-hammer and anvil.

I once remarked in a letter to you, dear Doctor, (though with your alacrity at forgetting I might just as well make it a new observation) that in my opinion, virtues and crimes should be judged according to the state of digestion, the mood, the hour of the day, and the circumstances operating at the time on the temper of the individual. A discord in a chorus, for instance, should be a fair apology for an insult at the opera; and a hard egg proved to have been eaten previous to a murder, should at least mitigate the verdict and sentence. All this is apropos of the subscription I send you, which, given to me as it was, bears a compliment the Corsair should acknowledge with the salute of an Admiral. I arrived at Carbon-dale somewhere at the leaden and most brainless hour of three in the morning. Shivering by the anthracite fire, while the horses were changing, I began to wonder of what stuff was made the temper of a landlord, who could be roused from his bed and broke of his deepest sleep at that sad hour, for but the price, at most, of a brandy-and-water. With his eyes sticking obstinately together, mine host lit his candle, looked at the "one passenger," and with an "Aha, sir, is it you!" walks him to the till, and producing five dollars, begs to subscribe for the Corsair! Oh, Captain

Top, what are all your after-dinner subscriptions, what are even all the kindly salutes from crafts on the literary sea, to a compliment like this. Write his name in red ink at the top of the log!

I will be tried at Tattersall's by "a jury of my peers," upon the matter of *Shakspeare* and horses. "Harry Percy" is down upon me with the description in *Venus and Adonis*, but it will not do. That it is true and good, I will allow, but that it is masterly as it would and should have been had *Shakspeare* loved horses, no horseman can think or feel. You know, dear Doctor, that horses are and ever have been my unconquerable prodigality, both in love and money. There is no other animal on earth whose qualities can be usurped and added bodily to your own. I feel the speed, pride, strength and beauty of my horse, component of my own soul, while I can possess and control him. The woman who loves you, adds her love to your dignity of existence, but your horse *becomes to you* so many new qualities. You are swift, you are strong, you are proud, you are beautiful—when on his back. He is not so much yours, as yourself. Hence the meaning of the glorious fable of the Centaur—horse and rider united in one magnificent creature.

Shall *Shakspeare* be said to have loved that, in the description of which another has surpassed him? Read this after the passage from *Venus and Adonis*, and tell me which knew most of horseflesh, *Shakspeare* or *Fitz-herbert*!

"A good horse should have three qualities of a woman—a broad breast, round hips, and a long mane; three of a lion—countenance, courage, and fire; three of a bullock—the eye, the nostril, and joints; three of a sheep—the nose, gentleness, and patience; three of a mule—strength, constancy, and foot; three of a deer—head, legs, and short hair; three of a wolf—throat, neck, and hearing; three of a fox—ear, tail, and trot; three of a serpent—memory, sight, and turning; and three of a hare or cat—running, walking, and suppleness."

Here you have the compound and essence of that noble animal. Fancy such knowledge of him fused and breathed into *Shakspeare's* celestial verse, and then dream of what we might have had instead of the Dauphin's brag of his palfrey.

One thing is to be said. *Blundeville*, who wrote a book on horses just before *Shakspeare's* time, describes the English horses as "strong, sturdy beasts, fit only for slow draught, and the few of a slighter structure being weak and without bottom." So prove what you will, gentle Harry Percy, it is unlikely that *Shakspeare* ever saw a horse that would bring ten pound at Tattersall's.

I have written myself into a melancholy on this theme, for to-day goes *Mayflower* from my stable—in the eloquent caparison of sale—blanket, halter and surcingle! Let me do all I can—record her virtues! She came off with honor from the turf, to be promoted to a lady's love and manage; and to see her pry between sleeve and glove to get her muzzle to her mistress's hand, you would have a glimmering of the truth of *metempsychosis*. Playful, caressing, beautiful and most gentle, she had four qualities that in woman are irresistible. She had another, that was the one too many—she was too dainty to be left to any care but her owner's. Her crib and pail must be kept like a lady's plate, or *Missy* (as the boys call her) was "off her feed." So adieu, *Missy Mayflower*! and if by recording your qualities, your old master commends you to the tenderer care of your new one, you will be somewhat repaid for the pretty servitude you have performed so deftly!

You will see me so soon, dear Doctor, that it is scarce worth while to say adieu to you. I am preparing for a year's absence from *Glenmary*, and it is like taking "a month's grief in a day"—there is so much to think on, besides scribbling and musing. With our legs together under the mahogany of "the Divan," however, we will scribble and muse to our heart's content. Mean time, *tout a toi*!

Glenmary, March 26, 1837.

P. S. The music you sent, has been played and pronounced upon. The mantle of *Strauss* has assuredly fallen from *Strauss*, (whose waltzes degenerate of late, or repeat each other) and it seems to have fallen on the authoress of the "Flower-waltzes." Ask *Hewitt* who this "Lady of New York" may chance to be. She will be more heard of yet as a composer.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The resignation of Mr. Biddle, besides giving rise to much coffee-house chat, put Wall-street in commotion for a time, and seriously effected the price of United States Bank Stock. The step seems to have been entirely unexpected, both by friend and foe, and therefore it is that all the wise-aces about town have been uttering marvellously sagacious conjectures as to the cause that really induced it, and with equal wisdom do these sapient gentlemen foretell its effects on stock—on commerce—on the prosperity of the country—on the business "in our street"—on Mrs. Grundy's health, and even on the growth of the children of Mrs. Grundy! Very marvellous that a gentleman of mature age, ample fortune, literary habitudes, and impaired health, should resign a situation of the highest responsibility, and continually demanding the most energetic exercise of the mental powers! Very marvellous!

The belligerents in Maine, and the equally ferocious and daring subjects of Her amiable Majesty of England, resident beyond "down east" altogether, having been the engrossing topic of conversation for nine days, (legitimate time) have at length become quiescent—and though the note of preparation was most ominous and alarming, we believe the war terminated with as little bloodshed as any since the days of the bald-pated Cæsar. We now await, with some impatience, the echo "of the doings in those diggins" from old England. Fortunately, the two countries are so distant from each other, that England and America cannot "show temper" at the same moment. Twenty days since, every man's anger was at a white heat, and "bullets in the thorax"—Damascus blades and hair triggers, were household words; by the time we hear from England, we shall wonder what the deuce has so ruffled that meek and pliant gentleman rejoicing in the euphonious appellation of John Bull. We, by that time, shall have quite forgotten how coaxingly we indulged in a little self-glorification, and talked of war. The reaction from across the water will come over to us like a spent wave on a smooth beach, and fall harmless again into the great ocean of events.

The testimonials awarded in each class of Columbia College, were delivered by the President on Monday last, in the College Chapel. This is an event of great interest to the friends of the young gentlemen thus honored, and is the theme of general remark in our city circles. We have only room to say now, that the testimonials to the student of the best general standing in the senior class, was awarded to Arthur Carey, Jr.

Rumors are rife that the appointment of Special Minister to Great Britain, has been offered to Governor Everett, and that his recent confidential message had reference to this subject.

The Bostonians are congratulating themselves in anticipation of a great treat in the Fine Arts this spring. Ample arrangements are making to collect all Mr. Allston's paintings in this country, for the purpose of having a public exhibition. It will be well worth going to Boston to see.

We are all looking anxiously for the return of the Great Western. She will probably come booming up the Bay about the 9th instant, greeting the glad waters of the old Hudson most lovingly, and freighted with the news of another hemisphere. Then will editors rush, with eager stomach, for the rich stores of mental food; then will scissors usurp the prerogative of the pen; then will our "trim built wherry" freight itself with the spices—the gold, the silks, and, spreading its white sail to the gentle breeze, convey to our generous patrons, far and near, the rich and tasteful cullings from the labors of others, in addition to the results of our own industry.

TO THE BEAUTIFUL.—The conclusion of the story writ for the Beautiful, lies on our table—but was delayed in its journey from the Susquehanna one day too long for this week's paper. The beautiful are forgiving, and it is to the beautiful that we make our appeal to forgive this inevitable breach of editorial promise.

ITEMS FROM THE DAILY NEWS OF THE GAYEST CAPITAL OF THE WORLD.

THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN.—That a physician kills his patient is common enough, but what shall we say to the following story of a patient (!) who undertook to kill three of his doctors. M. Bleyne, physician to the Royal hospital at Charenton, retains usually a lodging at Paris, where he receives patients two or three days in the week. On Friday, about noon, he was ascending his staircase in the Rue de Berry, when a man entered his room before him, and turning, discharged a pistol at him with deliberate aim. By an agile movement the doctor avoided the bullet, and seizing the assassin by the arm, he called for assistance. A second pistol was discharged in the struggle, and the double report having brought in the servants of the house, the aggressor was secured. On his trial before the police, he gave as his motive for the attempt, that fifteen years before, Dr. Bleyne had ordered him a cold bath when his disorder required a warm one! He declared also, that having subsequently consulted Doctors Bielt and Fievée, they had given the same injurious advice, and that in consequence he had resolved upon the death of these in their turn. An examination of the culprit's lodging, disclosed a drawer-full of pistols and ball, and a sharp poniard! Pleasant for the Doctors!

A SINGULAR MONOMANIAC.—A lady, in the arrondissement of Beaune, who is well known to her friends as the tenderest of mothers, had been for two years haunted by an overpowering temptation to drown her three children. Whenever the idea became stronger than she could bear, the unhappy woman drew her children to her bosom, wept over them, and covered them with kisses. On Sunday last, however, unable longer to resist the demon within her, she took the eldest, a girl of fourteen, to the water-side, and while she pointed to a fish at the bottom, threw her in, and fled immediately. In a few minutes she returned with the second, a girl of ten years, threw her in and fled again to the house. Again she returned with a son aged only two years, and her motions having been seen from a distance, and a tardy curiosity having been aroused in some laboring

men, they arrived to see the child sink for the last time. The three bodies were taken from the water an hour after, and the wretched mother, in a state of frenzied insanity, is now confined in the house of arrest.

FRIGHTFUL SEQUEL TO A MASKED BALL.—The late brilliant ball at the Theatre of the Renaissance at Paris, was followed by a catastrophe which has scarcely a parallel. A young lady, Clotilde V——, (the daughter of an officer whose bravery procured for him the decoration of the legion of honor,) after an education which exhausted the means of her father, was suddenly apprenticed by him to a seamstress, and for a year had patiently earned her livelihood by her labor. During this time, however, she had formed an intimacy with a young man, whose persevering addresses won her heart. A month since, she discovered by chance that she had a rival. On Sunday, having ascertained that her lover and the object of his new passion were to go to the ball above mentioned, she took some jewels that had belonged to her mother, and pawned them for a brilliant costume and mask, attended the ball, and passed the night in watching them. Toward morning, she found an opportunity to approach her faithless deserter and enquired in a disguised voice where he had left Clotilde. "If you know her," was the reply, "tell her I am tired of her." An hour after, her lover and rival were passing along the Rue Ventadam on their way from the theatre, when from the fourth story of one of the loftiest houses, the poor girl precipitated herself upon the pavement at their feet. She had taken off her mask, and at the instant of springing from the window cried out her lover's name. Pretending not to recognise her the hard-hearted youth left her dead in the street, whence she was removed by the police. He has since, however, become the prey to a delirious fever, and his life is despaired of.

THE QUARTER DECK.

"Mast-head there!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"D'ye see a French sail to leeward?"

"None at all, sir!"

These westerly winds keep the Frenchman in port, but they don't keep us in claret, Monsieur Moquetoi! Faith! we're getting thick-blooded with this English drink.

"Mast-head, there!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Is there a Dutchman among the craft, on the leeward bow?"

"No, sir!"

We could manage to change humors if we had even the overhauling of a cargo from the Rhine. Have you no little fat bottle stowed away below, Professor Hinkspiller?

"Nix, mein Commodore!"

Please Heaven, and fair winds, we'll soon have a pluck at both Frenchman and German. Meantime, for variety, turn out the plunder of the last Yankee we boarded. A trim-looking craft he was, with more in his hold than appeared in his bill of lading. His lumber and sa'ce covered, I fancy, a precious venture of silk and spices. Here they are: Unroll that bale, marked Titania's Banquet! Cut off a slip, and turn it to the sun:—

Titania. What spirit have we here, an Ethiop? He has the brow of one.

Puck. Your Majesty, I found him in a grot By the Dead Sea. I questioned him of whence And what he was; whereat he shook his head, And with his sooty finger pressed his lip. He makes no answer, but points to the shore; Arrived at which, I heard a low, strange voice, As of a sea-nymph singing in her cave; And looking down, a thousand feet below The surface of the water, roofs discovered, Columns and battlements and pavements strewn With gems and gold and sea-weeds intermixed, Lit up by subterranean fires and lamps Of subtle naptha; sitting by which a Sprite, In likeness of a Nereid, from a book Chanted strange symbols. I had heard the tale Of Sodom and Gomorrah,—how they were Destroyed by fire and in the Dead Sea sunk With all their treasures,—and, from that and what I saw, inferred their ruins were the haunts Of spirits, powers that sway the elements Of fire and water, and that she I heard Muttered some charm of virtue to withhold Their submarine dominions from the grasp Of hostile demons, that might else invade Them for their riches. With a pearl, I found Upon the sands of the Arabian sea, I bribed this fairy, as I deem he is, To join my troop; not doubting but he might Be tempted, by the pleasures of our court, To exchange for them the sullen life he led In sultry waters and the oozy halls Of sunken cities, and in time disclose The secret of the charm that guards their treasures. They call him Asphalt.

Silk of the finest. What's that more delicate fabric ?

SONG OF THE ELFIN STEERSMAN.

One elf, I trow, is diving now
For the small pearl ; and one,
The honey-bee for his bag he
Goes chasing in the sun :
And one, the knave, has pilfered from
The Nautilus his boat,
And takes his idle pastime where
The water-lilies float.

And some the mote, for the gold of his coat,
By the light of the will-o'-wisp follow ;
And others, they trip where the alders dip
Their leaves in the watery hollow ;
And one is with the fire-fly's lamp
Lighting his love to bed ;—
Sprites, away ! elf and fay,
And see them hither sped.

Haste ! hither whip them with this end
Of spider's web—anon
The ghost will have fled to his grave-bed,
And the bat winked in the sun.
Haste ! for the ship till the moon dip
Her horn I did but borrow ;
And crowing cocks are fairy clocks,
That mind us of the morrow.

The summer moon will soon go down,
And the day-star dim her horn ;
O blow, then, blow, till not a wave
Leap from the deep unshorn ;
Blow, sweep their white tops into mist,
As merrily we roam,
Till the wide sea one bright sheet be,
One sheet of fire and foam.

Blow, till the sea a bubble be,
And toss it to the sky,—
Till the sands we tread of the ocean-bed,
As the summer fountain's, dry.
The upper shelves are ours, my elves,
Are ours, and soon the nether
With sea-flowers we shall sprinkled see,
And pearls like dew-drops gather.

The summer moon will soon go down,
And then our course is up ;
Our frigate then, the cockle-shell—
Our boat, the bean-flower cup,
Sprites, away ! elf and fay,
From thicket, lake, and hollow ;
The blind bat, look ! flits to his nook,
And we must quickly follow.

Ha ! here they come, skimming the foam,
A gallant crew ; but list !
I hear the crow of the cock—O blow,
Till the sea-foam drift like mist.
Fairies, haste ! flood and blast
Quickly bring, and stay
The moon's horn—look ! to his nook
The blind bat flits—away !

[Spirits vanish.]

A smart Yankee was this skipper Hill, and no doubt he'll have a quick run and a profitable voyage. Roll up his stuffs, and take 'em below, Quarter Master. "We'll overhaul him again when the wind lulls and the sea's clear. There's a new sail dead ahead, lifting on the horizon, and we'll hope for a prize before we sleep. Steady, there, at the wheel ! steady ; so !

Boz.—We find in the last number of Bentley's Miscellany, a characteristic letter from the versatile pen of Mr. Charles Dickens, announcing his secession from that periodical. The loss is evidently Bentley's, and will not be felt by the public, as we cannot for a moment doubt the intention of the popular author of the Pickwick Papers, to establish a magazine on his own account. We grieve not for Mr. Bentley, whose propensity to screw poor authors down to the lowest denier, is well known, and we do not think he will derive much advantage from the selection of "Turpin" Ainsworth, as the successor of the unrivalled Boz. Mr. A. is good at narrative, but lacks wit, spirit and genius ; he can describe the inside of Newgate and the "Ken" of a gang of highwaymen, but there is no fun in him, no broad humor, no jests that, like Yorick's, would "set the table in a roar." Mr. Bentley has good reason to lament, but he may as well dry his tears, and sip consolation from the fountain of hope. He advertises a new tale, founded on the history of Guy Fawkes, of gunpowder memory, from the pen of his editor, which may, without doubt, be made very interesting to those who have not been fortunate enough to meet with it in their school days. "Little Pedlington" Poole would have been a better man for the Miscellany, but probably he would not work under price.

WOOLING OF A BASHFUL LORD.—The desperate struggles and floundering by which some endeavor to get out of their embarrassments are amusing enough. We remember to have been much delighted the first time we

heard the history of the wooing of a noble lord, now no more, narrated. His lordship was a man of talents and enterprise, of stainless pedigree, and a fair rent-roll, but the veriest slave of bashfulness. Like all timid and quiet men, he was very susceptible and very constant, as long as he was in the habit of seeing the object of his affections daily. He chanced at the beginning of an Edinburgh winter to lose his heart to Miss — ; and, as their families were in habits of intimacy, he had frequently opportunities of meeting with her. He gazed and sighed incessantly—a very Dumbie-dikes, but that he had a larger allowance of brain ; he followed her every where ; he felt jealous, uncomfortable, savage, if she looked even civilly at another ; and yet, notwithstanding his stoutest resolutions—notwithstanding the encouragement afforded him by the lady, a woman of good sense, who saw what his lordship would be at, esteemed his character, was superior to girlish affectation, and made every advance consistent with female delicacy—the winter was yet fast fading into spring, and he had not got his mouth opened. Mamma at last lost all patience ; and one day, when his lordship was taking his usual lounge, in the drawing-room, silent or uttering an occasional monosyllable, the good lady abruptly left the room, and left the pair alone. When his lordship, on essaying to take his leave, discovered the predicament in which he stood, a desperate fit of resolution seized him. Miss — sat bending most assiduously over her needle—a deep blush on her cheek. His lordship advanced towards her ; but losing heart by the way, passed in silence to the other end of the room. He returned to the charge, but again without effect. At last, nerving himself like one about to spring a powder mine, he stopped before her—"Miss —, will you marry me !" "With great pleasure, my lord," was the answer given, in a low, somewhat timid, but unfaltering voice, while a deeper crimson suffused the face of the speaker. And a right good wife she made him.

GARRICK, BANNISTER, KEMBLE, AND MRS. SIDDONS.—Jack Bannister, before he appeared on the stage, had an interview with Garrick, of which we have an account in his own words. The scene is curious, although there is nothing very novel in it :

I was a student of painting in the Royal Academy, when I was introduced to Mr. Garrick, under whose superior genius the British stage bloomed and flourished beyond all former example. In my first interview with him, I expressed my desire of quitting the study I then pursued, for the stage. After frequent visits to him he was pleased to say that he perceived a—a something in me which conveyed a—a promise, a—an indication of theatrical talent ; and here I am led into an imitation—(I beg pardon) I mean an humble attempt at imitation—of his manner in private. He had a sort of a—a—a kind of a—a hesitation in his speech, a habit of indecision which never marked his public exertions.

One morning I was shown into his dressing-room, where he was before the glass, preparing to shave ; a white night-cap covered his forehead, his chin and cheeks were enveloped in soapsuds, a razor-cloth was placed upon his left shoulder, and he turned and smoothed his shining blade upon the strop with as much dexterity as if he had been bred a barber at the Horse-Guards, and shaved for a penny ; and I longed for a beard, that I might imitate his incomparable method of handling the razor.

"Eh ! well—what ! young man—so, eh !" (this was to me) "so you are still for the stage ! Well, how—what character do you—should you like to—eh ?"

"I should like to attempt Hamlet, sir."

"Eh ! what ! Hamlet the Dane ! Zounds ! that's a bold—have you studied the part ?"

"I have, sir."

"Well, don't mind my shaving—speak the speech—the speech to the ghost—I can hear you—never mind my shaving."

After a few hums and haws, and a disposing of my hair so that it might stand or end,

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"

I supposed my father's ghost before me, armed "cap-a-pie," and off I started,

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us !"

He wiped the razor—

"Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd"—

he stropped the razor—

"Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,"—

he shaved on,—

"Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,

That I will speak to thee !"—

he took himself by the nose,—

"I'll call thee Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane—O, answer me !

Let me not burst in ignorance."

He lathered on. I concluded, but still continued my attitude, expecting prodigious praise ; when, to my eternal mortification, he turned quick upon me, brandishing the razor, and, thrusting his half-shaved face close to mine, he made such horrible mouths at me that I thought he was seized with insanity, and I was more frightened at him than my father's ghost. He exclaimed in a tone of ridicule,

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us !"

"Yaw, waw, waw, waw !" The abashed Prince Hamlet became sheepish, and looked more like a clown than the grave-digger. He finished shaving, put on his wig, and, with a smile of good nature took me by the hand, and said, "Come, young gentleman,—eh ! let's see now what we can do." He

spoke the speech; and how he spoke it, those who have heard him never can forget.

Bannister at length made his debut, and was successful. In a sort of midway character, uniting the pathos of tragedy with the hilarity of comedy, he was peculiarly great, indeed unrivalled.

Tragedy, however, was his first aim, and in that he was encouraged by the best critics and the most admired performer of the day. But soon after Bannister's appearance, the tone and mode of tragic exhibition were totally changed. The unforced, natural, and almost comic manner of delivering the mere cursory dialogue, was changed for one in which it seemed to be assumed that no sentence, however ordinary, or even unimportant, could have been written without an occult meaning; no phrase could have been penned without a concealed point. "Will you play upon this instrument?" was delivered as if it had been a declaration of hostility, or the announcement of a detected conspiracy; and the very little which Cibber has left of the rich sportive sarcasm with which Shakspeare endued the character of *Richard*, is so suppressed, that when the tyrant banters his mother, he may almost be expected to aim his dagger at her heart.

Garrick's agile movement and elegant levity, in which Bannister might have been a valuable follower, were utterly superseded—a dignified and super-majestic manner was thrown around every character, from Shakspeare's murderous Thane to Rowe's gay rake. This taste descended through all the performers in tragedy, and he who had to deliver a message of no more importance than "Cæsar sends health to Cato," would well have earned Quin's indignant reproof, "I wish he'd sent it by some other messenger."

Mrs. Siddons and Kemble, by the lofty grace of their persons, and the refined dignity of their manner, put to flight, for their day at least, all hopes that could be entertained by those who, without all the perfections of Garrick, struggled against the disadvantages which result from the want of a stately elevation of form. When Mrs. Siddons appeared and acted, the effect was similar to that which might have been expected if one of the sublimest conceptions of Michael Angelo had been animated and inspired for the occasion, and Kemble gave us every thing which could have been achieved if the same miracle had been performed on the most perfect production of the chisel or the pencil employed in the representation of Roman or Grecian life, person and manners. In them these perfections were gifts of nature, improved to their highest pitch by art and study; in them they were becoming and captivating; but they who attempted to form themselves, by imitating those incomparable models, would soon become monotonous mannerists, mere plaster casts, humbly representing the noble statues—tame, clumsy wood-cuts, engraved after the inimitable picture.

The Theatre.

When we had planted ourselves in our elbow chair last week, to write a review of the Theatre, we confessed in sadness that there had been no novelty deserving criticism or notice. We have resumed our seat once more for the same object, but bleak and dismal is the prospect around us; yet in the distance there are gleams of sunshine, and hope mounts up like a bird, when we venture to anticipate success for the forthcoming novelties, both at the National and the Park.

THE NATIONAL.

During the present week there has been produced a Drama founded on Dr. Bird's novel of "Nick of the Woods," of which the friends of the National seemed determined to withhold an opinion, by the simple process of declining to listen to its merits or demerits. A few solitary stragglers found their way into the house, and here and there might be seen some ambitious critic darting from box to box, to gather the prevailing opinions of each little cluster, and then bolt out of the house to pen in glowing terms the capabilities of the piece, and its modicum of success. We accidentally arrived too late even to hear the closing scene, but the ominous quietude that pervaded the house made inquiry unnecessary.

The operatic company left town early in the week to fulfil an engagement in Philadelphia; and we doubt not that the lovers of music of that refined city will hasten to reward the gifted vocalists with their attendance and their smiles of approbation.

With the accustomed liberality of the manager, the whole force of scene painters, property-men, and carpenters, have been put in requisition to bring out with effect on Monday next, the new play of the *USURER MATCHED*, written expressly for Mr. Wallack, by Mr. Willis. The principal character will be in the hands of Mr. Wallack, and as this is the first time for many months, his many admirers will have had an opportunity to see him on his own boards, we cannot doubt he will be greeted in this new part by the cheering welcome of his friends. As it may not become us to offer at present any remarks on the merits of the play, we cheerfully leave it in the hands of the public, and of our contemporaries of the press.

THE PARK.

We gladly announce the arrival of Mr. Sinclair, the vocalist, and that

he will shortly appear at this theatre. This gentleman is well known to our citizens as a delightful singer of Scotch and English ballads, and his success will much depend upon the effect time may have had upon his voice. We hope Mr. Sinclair is an avant courier of other artists, and that the opera may again be revived at the Park. Rumor says that engagements have been effected with a company of distinguished vocalists, but whether they are to appear this season or the next, we have not learned.

The beautiful Mrs. Shaw has returned to the Park, after a tolerable engagement at Albany, and if fittingly supported, will doubtless meet with her accustomed success. This lady has never enjoyed in this city a fair opportunity to exhibit, to the full extent, her histrionic powers. Some casualty appears to have forced her hitherto to sustain almost alone whatever she has attempted. It would have been a gratifying circumstance to see her once on the stage with those capable of affording her scope and verge enough by their own acting, to elicit all the talent we believe her to possess.

COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO MR. WALLACK.

It is quite too late in the day to discuss the propriety of giving complimentary benefits to successful managers; we shall therefore simply remark that if any individual ever came within the range of deserving some testimony of public consideration, Mr. Wallack is the man. A committee has been appointed to superintend the arrangements, and as the spirited and enterprising Lessee sails for Europe in the *Great Western* on her next outward trip, we hope and trust that the liberality of our citizens will cheer him on his way, and thereby impart additional energy to his promised exertions for the ensuing season. We have good reasons for saying that the friends of the drama may safely anticipate a whole *firmament* of stars, who wait but the personal orders of the Great Magician to start from their orbits and shoot across the Atlantic, to dazzle us with a resplendent galaxy of beauty and talent.

One thing, we are desirous of saying to our friend Mr. Wallack; and that is to urge upon him the stern and imperative necessity of attaching permanently to his company some young lady as *Prima Donna* in the regular drama, who can, with credit to herself, with satisfaction to the audience, and with advantage to the manager, sustain the higher walk of tragedy and comedy. For instance, we wish occasionally to see the *School for Scandal*, but there is no *Lady Teazle* to be found. Sometimes a representation of *Romeo and Juliet* would pass an agreeable evening, but as that play cannot well be enacted without a *Juliet*, we are obliged to dispense with it from the same cause. The *Hunchback* and the *Wife* would draw good houses once a month, with Mr. Wallack as *Master Walter* and *St. Pierre*; but, alas! for a *Julia* or a *Marianne*. In consequence of this deficiency—and it is just as bad, if not worse, at the sister establishment—many steady old play-goers stay at home and mourn over the decline of the acting drama. It is well known that the salary of many of the London "smaller stars," does not exceed eight pounds sterling per week, here they can be assured of a greater amount, and when by their talents and unremitting diligence, they have established themselves in public favor, a good benefit may be always relied on with confidence. Besides, we are quite aware that in the British Provincial theatres, as Bath, Edinburgh, and Dublin, there are many gifted actresses who have not the courage to brave a London audience, or perhaps not interest enough with a London manager to be allowed a first appearance. From either source may be procured the essential addition to our stock companies, and with judicious training and encouragement on our boards, success would be inevitable.

It is by no means a thing of course, that every *Histrion* should bear the London stamp to ensure approbation here, for it must not be forgotten that an American audience first appreciated and rewarded the talents of Malibran, and at a later period did the same for Charles Kean, when he was neglected by his own countrymen. Poor Malibran, upon whose grave bloom the flowers of sorrowful reminiscence, returned to Europe to receive the grateful confirmation by applauding millions of our judgment of her powers, and soon arose beyond the reach of all competition. So, the younger Kean, after a year's residence among us, and after we had pronounced him sterling ore, returned to his native land and became the object of universal admiration to his countrymen, who had before failed to appreciate his unquestionable talents.

MR. MACREADY AND COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

A play, to an intelligent *child*, has always been the supremest of pleasures: but, with growing manhood, the illusion loses its illusiveness; and, unless things can be accomplished as they now are at Covent Garden Theatre, we feel that a play, and particularly a play of Shakspeare's, is a matter rather endured than truly enjoyed by matured judgments. We have, *before* now, been frequently at the theatre for the sake of Kean, Young, Kemble, Macready, and O'Neill: but when, *until* now, for the sake of Shakspeare? When, until now, has Shakspeare been the *end*, and not the *means*? When, until now, has the *TEXT* OF SHAKSPEARE been the great "lion" of the playbill—the *VAN AMBURGH* of the attraction? When, until now, has a reverential regard for the great poet's full intent and meaning

(even to the minutest particulars to be only induced from THE TEXT) been allowed to supersede all other regards? When, before, has fortune been risked, health sacrificed, domestic comfort forfeited, and all for the honor of a national drama, hitherto too highly honored in having Shakspeare at its head? When, until now, has a theatrical manager, in spite of the "whips and scorns of time," the insolence of opponent ignorance, and "the spurns of the unworthy," maintained the "native hue of his resolution, un-sicklied by the pale cast of thought," and preserved in the strong "current" of determined "action," an "enterprise" of such "great pith and moment?"

A former season, and several other successful revivals, had paved the way for the triumph which I had the pleasure of first beholding, in the production of the play of the *Tempest*. Shakspeare's *Tempest* was indeed a theatrical novelty; and the playbill promised no more. But, oh! how rich the consummation! There was but one thing wanting: Shakspeare should have been there himself. When Macready was called for at the end of the performance, our imagination saw the poet's ghost crowning him with laurels. Perhaps it would be as well, if critics were more frequently to speak through the medium of a mere report as to the feelings and conduct exhibited by an audience.

First, then, the curtain rose to a pit literally crammed, and boxes overflowing; but this is a fact chiefly creditable to the audience itself. The manifestation of a willingness on the part of the public to appreciate the exertions of such a man as Macready, is simply a duty which it were culpable to neglect; and as it is a duty now amply fulfilled, we will not reflect upon its having been, until now, barely rendered. For the same reason, the remarkable attention and the intelligent respect paid to the entire performance, were no more than the evidences we should expect of the highly reputable character of Shakspeare's countrymen.

There was, however, much more than this negative testimony to the merits of the entertainment. There was the proof a critical acumen on the part of the audience—of a rational enthusiasm, which would have scorned the snare of claptrap as impotent and insulting; but which greeted the exhibition of truthful beauty, as the richest compliment which could be paid to a refined and susceptible public. There was a reciprocity between the stage and the auditory, such as latter days have rarely manifested. There was no "starring" on the boards, no partisanship in the pit. The artist, the actors, and the machinist, co-operated to produce a perfect whole,—acknowledged as such by the spectators. We narrowly watched, not only *Prospero* and his "tricksy spirit" in the person of Miss P. Horton, but also the due development of the characters apportioned to Messrs. Ward, Phelps, Diddiear, Bartley, Harley, Miss Helen Faucit, and Mr. G. Bennett; nor was there one of them on whom eulogy might not be bestowed. Mr. Phelps brought out one or two features of the part entrusted to him with great feeling and skill; and Bennett's *Caliban* was monstrously good. The aim, however, of each, was exactly to fill his appointed place, with a scrupulous regard to the effect of the whole; and the efforts of each were appreciated. Then there was the singing of Miss P. Horton (who gave "Where the bee sucks" more like a spirit than a singer.) And, in legitimate connexion with all this, was the music of a most efficient orchestra, and a display of scenery, more magical in its illusion than was ever before exhibited. To represent the first scene of the *Tempest*, as Shakspeare gives it, is an effort which even Macready has not yet dared; but, seeing what he has done, we scarcely know how to limit our estimate of his abilities. Meantime, we are well content with the view of "a ship at sea," instead of "on a ship at sea." We have seen the wreck of a ship: and can truly say, the fresh memory of the real horror was only the more favorable to the truthful semblance of the fearful "mockery" before us. We positively "suffered with those whom we saw suffer." We shuddered as the "noble vessel" struck, and was "dashed to pieces" on the rock! It was necessary that the knowledge of its being illusion should "step between us and our frightened souls."

When such things are brought to aid, and not to supersede, the real theme—when, in fact, the fine arts and the arts mechanical are honorably engaged as allies in fealty to the poet of the drama, they become as important in themselves, as were the battalions who wrought out the fame of the hero of Waterloo; and, in that same spirit of admiration with which we gratefully hail any other one who benefits his country, we exclaim, "Hail, and farewell!" to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre.

JIM CROW IN LONDON.—An amusing extravaganza was lately produced at the *Adelphi*, and met with well-deserved success. It is entitled *The Foreign Prince*; the plot is as follows:—*Dick Dabble* meets *Jim Crow* (Rice) in St. James's Park, and induces him to assume the disguise of an African prince, in order to aid his own projects to obtain the hand of *Emily Dawkins*, daughter of *Old Dawkins*, a wealthy tallow-chandler. *Letty* (Mrs. Keely,) the servant of *Dawkins*, is courted by *Barney*, the footman, and every thing bears a promising appearance for the lovers. The foreign prince is introduced, and all three ladies fall in love with him, and he takes

advantage of their sensibilities to push his own fortunes. *Ebenezer and Dabble*, who begin to see that they have carried the joke too far, acquaint *Dawkins* with what they have done, and the discovery is made just in time to prevent the elopement of the tallow-chandler's sister with the "black prince." *Letty*, who is exasperated at his perfidy, calls in a policeman, and the real *Mrs. Crow* arrives in time, with four young Jim Crows, to prevent her husband from committing bigamy and robbery. The chief support of the piece rested with Mr. Rice and Mrs. Keely, both of whom sustained their characters with great humor. Mr. Rice was encoined in all his songs, and was loudly applauded throughout the piece. The farce is very smartly written, and abounds with excellent puns. The acting of Mrs. Keely was admirable.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

"*La Gypsy*," (the great Ballet) is telling a fortune to the managers of the Academic Royale de Musique. At the Francais, the difficulties between Miss Rachel's papa and the Directeur have been arranged to the satisfaction of one party certainly; since the old gentleman has liberally consented to receive twelve thousand dollars for his daughter's services during one season, besides "little fixings." A Parisian wag has calculated that this salary would defray the expense of a Marechal de France, or two Generals, or ten Colonels, or twenty-five Captains, or fifty Lieutenants, or twelve hundred private soldiers. The old man considers the world indebted to him for resuscitating the beauties of Racine and Corneille, and struts about the capital in all the pride of bloated tom-foolery. A new comedy has been produced at the same theatre, called "*Les Serments*," (The Oaths) from the pen of Mr. Viennet, a gentleman of literary attainments who mingled much in politics previous to the last revolution, and we believe voted for the ordinances that sent "Charley Dix" on his travels. The author takes the bold ground that the oaths of drunkards, lovers, and persons of wild ambition, go for nothing. He attempts to prove it by associating a Peer of recent creation with an old rich widow, an old trooper with a cask of Burgundy, and an officer of the old Royal Guard, with the tri-colored flag; they all swear eternal fidelity, and all in course, violate their oaths. The piece was well received; much praise is bestowed on Perrier, but as to Geoffrey, they say he answered to his name, (*J'ai Froid*) and was cold as an icicle.

A new dance called "the Cracovienne," by Fanny Elssler, set all the light heels of Paris capering in emulation of the exquisite danseuse. Monsieur de Balzac has written two new comedies: "*L'ecole des Maneges*," and "*Le Commerce*."

THE TALKING CANARY BIRD.—When the town is flocking to see a man fondling lions and tigers on account of the wonder of his not being torn to pieces, surely a canary bird that speaks as distinctly as any parrot, magpie, or starling, that ever mimicked human utterance, is a legitimate object for popular curiosity; and such a marvel is now exhibiting at the Cosmorama Rooms in Regent street. The loquacious canary articulates with singular neatness and fluency, and with as much ease and volubility as he warbles—though his vocabulary is very limited, of course. In the midst of a snatch of song, you hear him pronounce the words, "Sweet pretty little Dicky"—"Pretty Queen"—"Dicky dear," and other fond appellations bestowed upon him by his mistress: he also makes a chirping imitation of a bell ringing, and calls "Mary." He really seems to take delight in exercising his powers of mimicry; he requires little encouragement, and the presence of strangers rather excites his loquacity than otherwise; during our short visit the feathered darling was very lavish of his accomplishments both of song and speech. His note is full and loud, and the vocal sounds are guttural. The only peculiarity we noticed in the little creature, except that he appeared remarkably lively, and in a manner intelligent, was a fulness at the throat, where the feathers are very much ruffled by constant action of the muscles of the larynx. The talking propensity is said to have been developed spontaneously at six months old, and matured by voluntary practice with only the incitement of frequent repetition of the sounds: the bird is now three years old, was taken early from the nest and reared by hand; and from the first he was made a pet of, and allowed the range of a drawing-room, being only caged at night. His food is the same as that which his fellows in captivity generally eat, and he is very fond of his bath. It is a curious phenomenon certainly,—interesting to the naturalist, and entertaining to all.

A RAILROAD, BY A NOVIATE.

When we arrived by the Blue-Bottle coach at the Basingstoke station, forty or fifty miles from the metropolis, there was an intuitive sense of being already at our journey's end. We felt that we had virtually arrived in London, and that all remaining to do was simply to get into an omnibus, and give up the time of an ordinary hackney coach fare, in proceeding to Piccadilly.

The influence of the scene upon a novice observer is ferociously impressive. First, a string of horseless coaches, like the line of kings in Macbeth's vision, glided with phantom smoothness by me, propelled by the magic touch of a material imp of Vulcan, to take their places in the train; meanwhile, under a shed at a short distance, were certain other imps, harnessing, or otherwise preparing the fiery dragon that was to carry us off. Then forth the monster came! a hideous thing, with a double body like a wasp! with a whistle as loud as the screech of a tormented elephant, spitting fire and spouting smoke, and looking more like an enraged demon of Vesuvius vomiting destruction, than a docile devil, subdued to the ser-

vice of man! It began by showing off a series of gratuitous movements to and fro, answering to the gambols and curvettings of an impatient blood-horse, and then darted past all the coaches as though determined to run away from them. Anon, returning, the first coach in the train was hooked to his tail; and the lengthy mass began to move a chain of one class, followed by a second, and the second by a third, like Fleet Street running after Ludgate Hill, and the Strand after Fleet Street. To add to the effect of the scene, it was dark,—or, rather, “darkness” made “visible” by the lamps of the station-house, and the fire of the steam-carriage.

“Heavy and slow,
Like the first drops of a thunder-shower,”

as Byron has it, were our first movements, and accompanied by a painfully deliberate kind of cough on the part of the engine, which appeared, to our uninitiated senses, to be sorely broken-winded. As we proceeded, however, the cough became quicker, and less perceptible, till at length it lost its guttural character, and left us happy in the assurance that the demon's lungs were not affected. They who have travelled in one of the carriages nearest the engine will know well how to recite the following:—

“Chkough!—ckough!—kough!—kough!—kou!—ku!—ku, kuku, kuku, kuku, kuku, kuku,” and away we go at the rate of thirty miles an hour, with little to amuse us save the rapid alternation of milestones and policemen (who look like finger-posts,) as thus,—10—policeman—9 policeman—8 policeman—7 policeman—6 policeman—5 policeman—4 policeman—3—a sleeping donkey on the rail, cut in two—2—engine off the rail, blown to atoms—engineers hurled out of danger into a horse-pond—the first-class coaches crushed by the second, and the second jammed up by the third, like Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and the Strand, as aforesaid, all crammed together in St. Paul's Churchyard! But this last is a mere chance, we will not say how likely; and therefore we will take up the train again at 3—policeman—2—policemen—1—policeman—a whistle! O, mercy! such a whistle! a shriek, rather; like that of a million “mandrakes torn from out the earth!” Gentler—slower—moderate—slow—softly—still—still—Vauxhall Terminus.

And now comes the most melancholy part of the proceeding. After thirty miles an hour, a *dead stop* for as long a time as it would take you to go fifteen miles more; while your coach is worked by hand off the rail on the common ground again; and two sorry jades of horses (instead of the four you left behind you at the other Terminus,) with a still more sorry-looking, discarded hackney coachman, for a driver, conduct you with tedious deliberation to the Bear in Piccadilly. This is as “lame and impotent a conclusion” as ever the “march of mind” and mechanics has arrived at. It is, however, due to say, that I only speak from experience of one coach and one rail-road, viz. the Blue Bottle Unicorn, and the Southampton line. Now, it really strikes me, that this must be instantly and imperatively reformed; and I would at once suggest, that a set of balloons should be in readiness, all inflated, and “straining upon the start,” with patent, any-way-sailing wings, to waft you up—carry you over as the crow flies—and alight you, as the crow alights, upon a lead flat at the top of the hotel to which you are bound; and so much for railroads.

GOETHE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH A CHILD.

IN THREE VOLUMES. VOL. III. DIARY.

BETTINA—the child who kept this diary, and the strange correspondence with GOETHE, finding that the English translation was not considered a good one, and that the “literati and the most famed booksellers of London” thought the publication inadvisable as “differing widely from the spirits and feelings of the English,” resolved to attempt the perilous undertaking of translating the third and last volume herself. Mrs. AUSTIN, it appears, proposed to make *selections* from it for publication, but the enthusiastic BETTINA was determined to present the work entire. She did not know a word of the language, and had no grammatical knowledge of any language; but it is surprising what may be done by energy, strong feeling, and German Will. The little sum she states which she made by the German edition she risks upon this translation, and certainly if the nature of her task be fairly considered, she is entitled to a kindly reception amongst us. But we must let her tell the story of the troubles of the translation in her own way. The narrative in her broken, but by no means inexpressive English, is in some degree affecting. It develops aptly enough the passionate and persevering character of her nature; and it is a very curious illustration of progress up to a certain point in a foreign language, where one half of the phrases are colloquial acquisitions and the remainder are derived by hard application to the dictionary; mixed with many odd but at the same time natural coinages, transformations, and combinations of words.

“The printing had almost come to end, when by a variance between the printer and translator, it was interrupted; then by the inspiration of despair, I ventured to continue translating. I never could have guessed those difficulties that fell more heavily upon me, than upon any knight-errant who tries, with the help of propitious spirits, to overcome impossibilities. What erroneous ways have I hastened through; how often have I ferreted for words that do not exist, or bolted expressions offered in so many diversing shapes that the choice disturbed me highly; how often in the night, the word for which I had pryed with despair the whole day in every nook of my head, awakened me in a hurry out of a deep sleep, and how felt I delighted when suddenly it was found, I held it between my lips as a pearl or diamond found in the dark, and in the morning I ran to the book to write it down, nay, I was like a blind man going to work without a guide. What a copiousness of words with their flexure overflowed me, how abundantly gracious seemed to me those varieties of flexions, I would have them all inwoven in my version, and desponded in choosing the finest, the noblest, the most eloquent, and euphonical among all.—Often having studied a whole night, when in the morning I would peruse it, I was obliged to study it anew by help of the dictionary. My inquiries led me upon thorns and thistles on a misty path, where I could not see a step before my feet, but where I fell upon so beauteous expressions I would compound with my text, though I did not know how to make use of them;

the strange etymologies even as blossom-dust transported by sedulous bees from foreign lands to their homely field, variegating the flowerage of their words.—Vulgar people know not of the treasures upon their lips, by which genius produces the honey-dropping fruit. Then I fell in love with this language that tormented me so much, that I almost got a fever of despair. Unconsciously I pursued my task, confiding in my genius, that would preserve me from doing any harm by unfit or even unusual expressions, and persisted often in my wrong way, when my advisers would have subverted my constructions as they were absurdities, often my versions larded with uncommon or obsolete expressions, gave way to misunderstanding, then I could not ally the correction with my meaning, and would not be disputed out of my wits impassioned as I was for my traced-out turn, for which I had rummaged dictionary and poetry and never would yield till the last sheet which to-day will come in the press and I am like one to whom after a long prison spring is bestowed in the free air. Forsooth I saw in the last year no roses, no tree blowing; my intelligence lay narrowly grated up in the dictionary of good Johnson and the grammars that I took to my couch and fell asleep on them, and had also a very hard bed, to no boot, for I had unfortunately in no language a grammatical learning; all its terms were unknown to me, and their interferences incomprehensible; and those who would advise me frightened me out of my wits; I struggled for my version as does an animal for its young and suffers them not to be touched by an indiscreet hand, but licks them clean again; so it was with me, instinctively and with great labor I tried to overcome all the corrections by a deeper inducement, while people laughed at my reluctant and said that I never would come to a good issue, hence it cannot be otherwise, that all what might be strange, or even never heard of, that must be imputed to my persevering obstinacy against the better knowing of my advisers.”

The reader can hardly help associating with all this crumbling and scrambling of words the pretty German lisp and broad smile, full of good-nature and metaphysics, which you meet in such profusion throughout the old Hanseatic states.

We will not venture to say what effect this book might produce were it intelligible—we do not mean in the translation, for we confess there is a character in it which is fresh and agreeable, and which reflects the true German spirit better than a freer translation could have done,—but in the meaning and purport of the original itself. If BETTINA hopes that her readers will interpret her feelings about GOETHE otherwise than as a very mad passion, or that they will regard his conduct in the affair otherwise than as a very reprehensible delusion, or imposition practiced on a very young, very susceptible, and much-misled young lady, we fear she will be sadly disappointed. She believes—we give her full credit for it—that her sensations concerning GOETHE were centered solely upon his genius; and she observes that, as nature is the same every where, these sensations will be understood in England. Now, let us endeavor to make our view of all this clear and plain, and to avoid mysticism, which, of all things, we most abhor. A thousand times over she repeats that she *loves* GOETHE. We will admit it is his genius she loves, although she not only does not say so, but often says something very unlike it. Nature is the same every where, and if its language differs, still it always discriminates between the worlds of the Real and the Ideal. The love of GOETHE's genius, of his fame, of his conversation, of his philosophy, his poetry, and even that love of the individual which grows upon all these, is consistent with a perfect abstraction from that passion which blends hearts together, and sometimes brings down the loftiest natures into communion with the meekest. We see, then, to follow out this Germanic confederation, that there are two natures of love—the one the love of the greatness of an exalted mind, the other the love of the individual. We use the word love because BETTINA uses it, but, for our own choosing, we should not apply it in the former case. With this preface, let us ask to which description does the following epistle—or part of an epistle—from BETTINA to GOETHE, belong?

TO GOETHE.

“How desirous wast thou for love!—how desirous wast thou of being beloved! “*Thou lovest me, dost thou not? it is indeed thy earnest, is it not? thou hast never betrayed me?*”—so didst thou ask and silently I beheld thee. “*I am easily deceived, each can delude me, do thou not delude me, I will rather the truth, even if it should pain me, than be imposed upon!*” When excited by this converse, I tenderly conferred with thee and demonstrated sweet arguments of thy presence within me, then thou saidst: “*nay, but thou art true, with such a voice love alone can tell.*” Goethe, hear me! to-day love also speaks from me; to-day, the thirtieth of March, eight days after that, of which they say, it were the day of thy death; since which day all thy former rights become valid within my bosom, as if I lay at thy feet; to-day love will bewail to thee; thou on high! above the clouds, not saddened by their dimness! not disturbed by their tears,—say! will moans throng into thine ear? thou! Poet also yonder, hearkening to plaints also yonder, and solving into strains what thou hearest. Oh, solve my plaint, and release me from this eagerness of being comprehended and wished for. Was it not thou who comprehended me, ay, with prophetic voice awoke within me the slumbering strengths of inspiration, that avouch me everlasting youth, and raise me far beyond the reach of men. Hast thou not in the first replying sigh to my love richly compensated all that ever could be denied me!—Thou!—to think of whom slowly rouses tempesting within my heart, where anon, electric shiverings run through the spirit, where anon, slumber befalls the senses; and no comprising more of the world's claims!—who had ever sounded my heart? who has asked: what ails thee!—who has bent to the flower to enjoy its enamel, to breathe its perfume!—to whom the chime of my voice—of which thou saidst it made thee feel, what Echo must feel when the voice of a lover resounds in her bosom,—would have revealed, which mysteries, by virtue of thy poetic spells it was compelled to utter! Oh, Goethe! thou alone hast allowed me the stool of thy feet, and avowed my inspirations pouring before thee!”

We need not pursue the extract. If this be the language of a woman's admiration of a poet in Germany, then German poets are sometimes placed in very awkward situations. We regard this as language which HELDORF might have addressed to ABELARD.

On one occasion GOETHE carried BETTINA down a flight of stairs into a market. The action was, perhaps, not very remarkable in itself, but see how it expands under the glowing pen of this fascinated "child." We need not ask the reader to admire the passage where she speaks of GOETHE's beauty, and how his eye dark fulgurated in the starry glance—how she swung over his right shoulder, *not to tire the left*—and how he lifted her up to look through the windows, and showed her the lamp's light and the blazing kitchen fire, and the little dog and the kitten.

"To-day I will tell thee how in the dark night thou ledst me unknown ways. In Weimar, when on the market we came to the stairs, and thou descendedst the first, and thou borest me away, wrapt in thy mantle upon thy shoulder. Is it true, my lord!—hast borne me with both thine arms!—how beauteous wast thou then, how grand and noble, how dark fulgurated thine eye in the starry glance!—how dark into mine, when I sat there above on thy shoulder, fastening me with both mine arms around thy neck; how blissful I was; how didst thou smile that I was so blissful, how didst thou rejoice to have me, and bear me waving above thy head; how did I rejoice!—and then I swung over to the right shoulder, not to tire the left. Thou letst me see through the illuminated windows; a series of peaceful eyes of old and young, by the lamp's light or before the blazing kitchen-fire, also the little dog and the kitten sat by. Thou saidst; *'Is that not a merryful gallery of pictures?'*—so we passed from one dwelling to the other along the gloomy streets, till we came in the park beneath the high trees. I touched the boughs and the birds startled away; how we both rejoiced and laughed!—children thou and I—and now!—thou a spirit ascended to the heavens; and I!—unfulfilled, unwaited for, uncomprehended, unloved! nay, they might ask: who art thou and what is thy want? and should I answer them, they would say: we understand thee not. But thou didst comprehend me, and openedst thine arms and thy heart to me, and each demand was answer'd and each woe was calm'd. Yonder in the park we went hand in hand beneath the thick foliaged trees, thou gavest me many sweet names, they resound still in my ear: *beloved heart! my fine child!* how much did that ravish me to know how thou wouldst call me; then arose the moon: Thou also wast delighted, thou rejoicest not at the moon, thou rejoicest at my delight, and I!—why did I applaud the moon?—was I not happy to be with thee!—what was to me the moon?—but now thy lips kissed my brow, thy closed lips so statelily, so consummately pronouncing what is beauty. Say!—can form decay when it is spirit!—did not thy lips express thy poet-tongue, thine eye thy poet-spirit, and thy brow so pure, so proud, maintaining its dignity!—can form decay which so answers for itself!—*and soul and mind and body shall be kept clean and blameless, all to share in divine bliss.* Ay, beauty is a divine bliss, and what is the spirit's beauty!—to be kept free from sin, free from law; all nursing of the soul to be pure, be heaven's-bread, each demand be granted, for the soul shall become free, and on what her instinct lays claim, that must nourish her raciness, her sensuousity to become enlightening, to stand the test of inspiration; in the meat of love to feel of spirit the vital power."

That there is extraordinary poetical beauty in this rhapsody—that it touches some chords of exquisite feeling—is not to be denied; but that it is a rhapsody is equally manifest.

We are doubtful whether other parts of this book deserve to be designated as merely rhapsodical. There are some incidents in it, toward the end, that are of an incredible kind for print, and painted with such ardor and such inconceivable simplicity that we are compelled to conclude either that BETTINA has drawn largely on her imagination, or that her judgment is not firm in its seat. Perhaps the latter is the most charitable construction. Three years of her youth were passed in a nunnery, and when she came into the world with a heated fancy, a superstitious nature, and an imperfect education, GOETHE appears to have excited her into a state of *transcendentalism* from which she has never recovered, and which his death has only inflamed. The book is a curiosity, such, perhaps, as never was seen even in Germany before; but it ought to be kept like other curiosities—safe under lock and key.

A SCENE FROM HANDY ANDY.

AN ENGLISH DANDY "DONE" AT AN IRISH BREAKFAST.

On their arrival at Merryvale, they found the family party had just sat down to breakfast. Dick, in his own jolly way, hoped Mr. Johnstone had slept well.

"Vewy," said Johnstone, as he sipped his tea with an air of peculiar *nonchalance*, which was meant to fascinate Fanny Dawson, Dick's sister, a pretty and clever girl, and in her own way nearly as great a devil as Dick himself,—for instance, when Johnstone uttered his first silly commonplace to her with his peculiar *non-pronunciation* of the letter R, Fanny established a lisp directly, and it was as much as her sister, Mrs. Egan could do to keep her countenance as Fanny went on slaughtering S's as fast as Johnstone ruined R's.

"I'll twouble you for a little mo' queam," said Johnstone, holding forth his cup and saucer with an affected air.

"Perhaps you'd like thum more theugar," lisped Fanny, lifting the sugar-tongs with an exquisite curl of her little finger.

"I'm glad to hear you slept well," said Dick to Johnstone.

"To be sure he slept well," said Murphy; "this is the sleepest air in the world."

"The sleepest air?" returned Johnstone, somewhat surprised. "That's vewy odd."

"Not at all, sir," said Murphy,—"well known fact. When I first came to this part of the country, I used to sleep for two days together sometimes. Whenever I wanted to rise early, I was always obliged to get up the night before."

This was said by the brazen attorney, from his seat at a side-table which was amply provided with a large dish of boiled potatoes, capacious jugs of milk, a quantity of cold meat, and game. Murphy had his mouth half filled with potatoes as he spoke, and swallowed a large draught of milk as the Englishman swallowed Murphy's lie.

"You don't eat potatoes, I perceive, sir," said Murphy.

"Not for bweakfast," said Johnstone.

"Do you for thupper?" lisped Fanny.

"Never in England," said Johnstone.

"Finest things in the world, for the intellect," said Murphy. "I attribute the natural intelligence of the Irish entirely to their eating potatoes."

"That's a singular theowry," said Johnstone; "for I have genewally seen it attributed to the potato, that it detewiwates the wace of man. Cobbett said that any nation feeding exclusively on the potato, must inevitably be fools three genewations."

"By the powers, sir!" said Murphy, "they'd be fools if they *didn't* eat hem in Ireland; for they've nothing else to eat; and as to their being ools by the means of eating them, it is unfortunate for Mr. Cobbett's theory that a more intelligent people don't exist on the face of the earth."

"But Cobbett, you know, was thought a vewy clever man—by a certain set."

"Thought clever!" rejoined the Squire; but he *was* clever, sir—a first-rate fellow, sir." The Squire forgot that he was to be Squire O'Grady instead of Squire Egan.

"You supwise me," said Johnstone.

"Didn't he write the political register?" asked the Squire with energy.

"He might as well have written about register stoves," said Murphy, "for all he knew about potatoes. Why, sir, the very pigs that we feed on potatoes are as superior—"

"I beg your pawdon," smiled Johnstone; "daiwy-fed po'ke is vewy superior."

"Oh, as far as the eating of it goes, I grant you!" said Murphy; "but I'm talking of the intelligence of the animal. Now, I have seen them in England killing your dairy-fed pork, as you call it, and to see the simplicity—the sucking simplicity, I will call it—of your milk-fed pigs,—sir, the fellow lets himself be killed with the greatest ease,—whereas, look to the potato-fed pig. Sir, he makes a struggle for his life,—he is sensible of the blessings of existence and potatoes!"

This was said by Murphy with a certain degree of energy and oratorical style that made Johnstone stare: he turned to Dick Dawson and said, in an under tone, "How vewy odd your fwient is."

"Very," said Dick; "but that's only on the surface: he's a prodigiously clever fellow; you'll be delighted with him when you know more of him,—he's our solicitor, and as an electioneering agent his talent is tremendous, as you'll find out when you come to talk with him about business."

"Well, I should neve' ha' thought it," said Johnstone; "I'm glad you told me."

"Are you fond of sporting, Mr. Johnstone?" said the Squire.

"Vewy," said Johnstone.

"I'll give you some capital hunting."

"I pwefer fishing," said Johnstone.

"Oh!" returned the Squire, rather contemptuously.

"Have you good twout stwears here?" asked Johnstone.

"Yeth," said Fanny; "and *thuck* a thamon fithshery!"

"Indeed!"

"Finest salmon in the world, sir," said Murphy. "I'll show you some sport, if you like."

"I've seen some famous spo't in Scotland," said Johnstone.

"Nothing to what we can show you here," said Murphy. "Why, sir, I remember once at the mouth of our river here, when the salmon were coming up one morning before the tide was in, there was such a crowd of them, that they were obliged to wait till there was water enough to cross the bar, and an English sloop that had not a pilot aboard, and did not know the peculiar nature of the river, struck on the bank of salmon and went down."

"You don't mean to say," said Johnstone, in astonishment, "that—"

"I mean to say, sir," said Murphy, with an unruffled countenance, "that the river was so thick with salmon, that the vessel was wrecked upon them. By the by, she was loaded with salt, and several of the salmon were pickled in consequence, and saved by the poor people for the next winter. But I'll show you such fishing!" said Murphy,—"you'll say you never saw the like."

"Well, that *is* the *wichest* thing I've heard for some time," said Johnstone, confidentially, to Dick.

"I assure you, said Dick, with great gravity, "that Murphy swears he saw it himself. But here's the post,—let's see what's the news."

The post-bag was opened, and letters and newspapers delivered. "Here's one for you, Fan," said Dick, throwing the letter across the table to his sister.

"I thee by the theal ith from my Couthin Thophy," said Fanny, who invented the entire sentence, cousinship and all, for the sake of the lisp.

"None fo' me?" asked Johnstone.

"Not one," said Dick.

"I welied on weceiving some fwom the Ca-astle."

"Oh! they are thometimes tho thleepy at the Cathtle," said Fanny.

"Weally," said Johnstone, with the utmost simplicity.

"Fanny is very provoking, Mr. Johnstone," said Mrs. Egan, who was obliged to say something with a smile, to avoid the laugh that continued silence would have forced upon her.

"Oh no!" said Johnstone; "only vewy agweeable,—fond of a little wopa'tee."

"They call me thatirical here," said Fanny,—"only fanthy;" and she cast down her eyes with an exquisite affectation of innocence.

"Now, Mr. O'Gwady," said Johnstone, "had we not better talk over our election business?"

"Oh! hang business to-day," said Murphy; "let's have some fishing: I'll show you such salmon fishing as you never saw in your life."

"What do you say, Mr. O'Gwady," said Johnstone.

"Faith, I think we might as well amuse ourselves."

"But the election is weally of such consequence; I should think it would be a wema'kably close contest, and we have no time to lose—I should think—with submission—"

"My dear sir," said Murphy, "we'll beat them hollow; our canvass has been most prosperous; there's only one thing I'm afraid of—"

"What is that?" said Johnstone.

"That Egan has money; and I'm afraid he'll bribe high."

"As for bwibewy, said Johnstone, with a very wise nod of his head and a sagacious wink. "We'll spend money too. We're pwepared for that; plenty of money will be advanced, for the gov'nment is weally anxious that Mr. Scatte'bwain should come in."

"Oh, then, all's right!" said Murphy. "But—whisper,—Mr. Johnstone—be cautious how you mention money, for there are sharp fellows about here, and there's no knowing how the wind of the word might put the other party on their guard, and maybe help to unseat our man upon a petition."

"Oh, let me alone," said Johnstone, "I know a twick too many for that: let them catch me betraying a secwet! No, no—*weather* too sharp for that."

"Oh! don't suppose, my dear sir," said Murphy, "that I doubt your caution for a moment. I see, sir, in the twinkling of an eye, a man's character—always did—always could, since I was the height o' that,"—and Murphy stooped down and extended his hand about two feet above the floor, while he looked up in the face of the man he was humbugging, with the most unblushing impudence,—“since I was the height o' that, sir, I had a natural quickness for discerning character; and I see you're a young gentleman of superior acuteness and discretion; but at the same time, don't be angry with me for just hinting to you that some of these Irish chaps are d—d rogues. I beg your pardon, Mrs. O'Grady, for saying d—n before a lady,”—and he made a low bow to Mrs. Egan, who was obliged to leave the room to hide her laughter.

"Now," said Johnstone, "suppose befo'e the opening of the poll we should pwepose, as it were, with a view to save time, that the bwibewy oath should not be administe'd on either side."

"That's an elegant idea," said Murphy. "By the wig o' the chief justice—and that's a big oath—you're a janius, Mither Johnstone, and I admire you. Sir, you're worth your weight in gold to us!"

"Oh, you flatte' me!—weally," said Johnstone, with affected modesty, while he ran his fingers through his Macassar-oiled ringlets.

"Well, now for a start to the river, and won't we have sport! You Englishmen have only one fault on the face of the earth,—you're too fond of business,—you make yourselves slaves to propriety,—there's no fun in you."

"I beg pawdon—there," said Johnstone, "we like fun in good time."

"Ay; but there's where we beat you," said Murphy triumphantly; "we make time for the fun sooner than any thing else—we take our own way and live the longer."

"Ah! you lose your time—though—excuse me,—you lose your time indeed."

"Well, devil may care—as Punch said when he lost mass—there's more churches nor one," says he, "and that's the way with us," said Murphy. "Come, Dick, get the fishing-lines ready,—heigh! for the salmon fishery! You must know, Mither Johnstone, we fish for salmon with line here."

"I don't see how you could fish any other way," said Johnstone, smiling at Murphy as if he had caught him in saying something absurd.

"Ah, you rogue!" said Murphy, affecting to be hit; "you're too sharp for us poor Irish fellows; but you know the old saying, 'an Irishman has leave to speak twice'; and after all, it's no great mistake I've made; for, when I say we fish for salmon with a line, I mean we don't use a rod, but a leaded line, the same as in sea-fishing."

"How vewy extwaordinawy! why, I should think that impossible."

"And why should it be impossible?" said Murphy, with the most unabashed impudence. "Have not all nations habits and customs peculiar to themselves! Don't the Indians catch their fish by striking them under water with a long rough stick and a little curwhibble of a bone at the end of it?"

"Speawing them, you mean," said Johnstone.

"Ay, you know the right name, of course: but isn't that quite as odd, or more so, than our way here?"

"That's vewy twuo indeed; but your sea line-fishing in a wiver, and for salmon, stwikes me as vewy singular."

"Well, sir, the older we grow the more we learn. You'll see what fine sport it is; but don't lose any more time; let us be off to the river at once."

"I'll make a slight change in my dress, if you please—I'll be down immediately," and Johnstone left the room.

During his absence, the Squire, Dick, and Murphy, enjoyed a hearty laugh, and ran over the future proceedings of the day.

"But what do you mean by this salmon-fishing, Murphy?" said Dick; "you know there never was a salmon in the river."

"But there will be to-day," said Murphy; "and a magnificent Gudgeon shall see him caught. What a spoon that fellow is! we've got the bribery out of him already."

"You did that well, Murphy," said the Squire.

"Be at him again when he comes down," said Dick.

"No, no," said Murphy, "let him alone; he is so conceited about his talent for business, that he will be talking of it without our pushing him; we'll have the whole plan of their campaign out before the day's over."

"But about the salmon, Murphy," said Dick.

"You must help me there," said Murtough. "You'll see it all in time enough. You have got two little boats on the river: now you, Dick, must get into one with the Englishman; and I, and one of the gossoons about the house, will occupy the other: remember, always keep your boat about thirty yards away from me, that out friend may not perceive the trick."

"But what is this trick? that's what I want to know."

"Well, since you must have it, I'll tell you. I know there's a salmon in the house, for I sent one over this morning a present to Mrs. Egan; and that salmon I must have in the boat with me unknown to the Englishman. After being afloat sometime, I'll hook this salmon on one of my lines, and drop it over the side of the boat that's not visible to our dear friend, and the line can be slyly passed round to the visible side; when I will make a great outcry, swear I have a noble bite, and haul up my fish

with an enormous splash, and after affecting to kill him in the boat, hold up my dead salmon in triumph."

"It's a capital notion, Murphy, if he doesn't smoke the trick."

"He'll smoke the salmon sooner. Never mind, if I don't hoax him: I'll bet you what you like he's done."

"I hear him coming down stairs," said the Squire.

"Then send off the salmon in a basket by one of the boys, Dick," said Murphy; "and you, Squire, may go about your canvass, and leave us in care of the enemy."

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